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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor

IN THIS NUMBER

The Truth About Maria Monk.

Editorial Notes and Clippings.

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By THOS. E. WATSON

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In the preparation of this work, the author exhausted all the known sources of information, and no work on the subject has superseded his. It is standard, and will remain so.

Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

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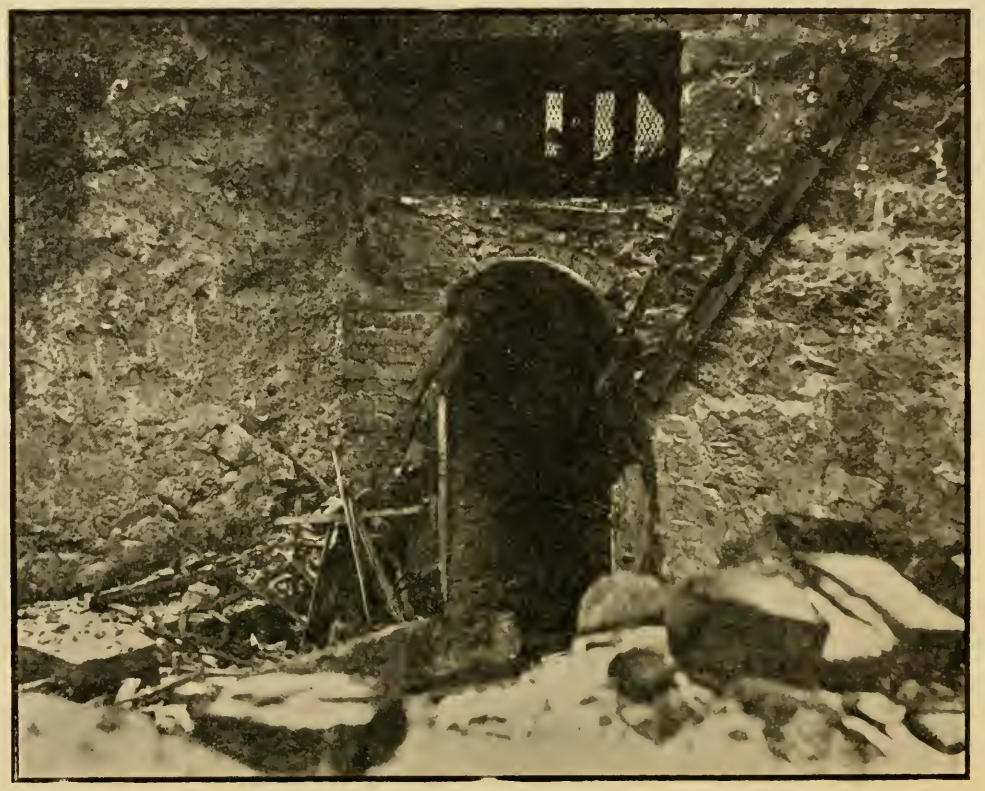

RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN MONTREAL, CANADA, HAVE BROUGHT TO LIGHT UNDERGROUND CONVENT PASSAGES AS MENTIONED IN MARIA MONK'S BOOK.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIII MAY, 1916 No. 1

The Truth About Maria Monk

PART 1.

HUMAN nature will never be understood by any human being: it baffles us, even when we try to understand ourselves. Those we know best are continually surprising us by some act of which we thought them incapable, or by some assertion which demolishes our belief in their intelligence.

Who would have supposed that a new religion could spring up, in Western New York, base itself upon an absurd fable about golden plates and a new Bible, and then grow to vast power, in spite of contempt, ridicule, and persecution?

Beside the 19th century miracle of Mormonism, the man-made creed of Mahomet is an easy-going achievement, for the Arab merchant imposed upon ignorant nomads, while Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon humbugged shrewd, hard-headed, educated Americans.

Who could have supposed that Roman Catholicism would survive the Reformation, reconquer Germany, regain the mastery in Great Britain, and hold the balance of power in the United States, while clinging to the ludicrous dogmas which were almost laughed out of court, at the Renaissance?

Who could have imagined that the proudest intellects of modern Europe could have been submerged by the impudent impostures of fake miracles, fake relics, fake purgatory, fake transubstantiation, fake indulgences, and fake personation of Jesus Christ?

A colossal fraud, a huge anachronism, a standing insult to common sense, is popery, is the worship of Mary, is the purgatorial gold-mine, is the fiction of saints, is the shameless market in which Rome sells *everything*, from a nun's hair to a golden crucifix and a pewter Madonna.

But of all the successful impositions forced upon human credulity by the most arrogant of churches, is that of a virgin priesthood. Unmarried, full sexed, ruddy and robust with fat living, red of lip and thick of neck, and dew-lapped of neck, these portly bachelors—thousands of them!—strut up and down the earth, bold-eyed, pretending to sexual purity! And it goes! The brazen fraud is taken for a verity. Not one Catholic layman in a thousand doubts that the priest is a man of like passions as himself, but he accepts the fraud, takes the living lie as a necessary evil, considers it bad form to notice anything, and never opens his mouth unless the priest is so

unlucky as to get caught and to cause "scandal."

As to men who are not Catholics, you won't find one in a million who doubts the real office of the priest's "housekeeper," and the uses to which the jailed women of the nunneries are put, willingly or unwillingly.

But when some individual case challenges the world's attention, when some nun breaks jail and cries piteously for help and protection, *then*, indeed, all the Roman cohorts get into instant action, and the non-Catholics are but too apt to aid the priests in capturing the fugitive and taking her back to the papal Bastille.

In the olden days, there was no such thing as "the escaped nun"—why not? Because, the civil power was wielded by staunch Catholics, and these were compelled by the law of the Roman church to return all such run-aways to the Convent. The penalty for failure to do this, was excommunication, which at that time was well nigh the same as death.

But what were the real conditions of nunneries from the very beginning? As everybody knows, the apostles were mostly married men: the primitive elders and presbyters had wives; and bishops of Rome were married men, during the earlier centuries after Christ. It was not until nearly 1100 years had passed away, that Pope Gregory VII. energetically attempted to enforce celibacy upon the priesthood; and at least 300 years more went by, before its general adoption in the Catholic world. As late as the year 1320, the Irish priests continued to take wives: and the Spanish priests were in full practice, on the same line, in 1335.

(See Lea: History Sacerdotal Celibacy. Vol. 1. pages 365 and 383.)

Consequently, the thick-lipped, red-faced, rotund and lusty Roman male-Virgin, is a comparatively modern impostor.

Let us briefly examine the mode of life which resulted from the unnatural system of confining nuns for life, in the custody of unmarried priests.

A Catholic author writes "Alas, also, how many priests in their convents have established a sort of infamous gymnasium, where they exercise the most abominable debaucheries." De Planctus Ecclesire, Vol. 11. 2.

Tertullian wrote that the reputation of priests for virginity, covered secret sins "the effect of which were concealed by resort to *infanticide*."

(Tertull. de Virgin. Veland. C. XV.)

Cyprian's testimony against the male "virgins" was equally strong.

Says Dr. Lea, Vol. 1. pages 423 and 4:

"When the desires of man are once tempted to seek, through unlawful means, *the relief denied to them by artificial rules*, it is not easy to control the unbridled passions which irritated by the fruitless attempts at repression, are no longer restrained by a law *which has been broken.*

The records of the Middle Ages are accordingly full of the evidences that *indiscriminate license of the worst kind*, prevailed throughout every rank of the hierarchy.

Scarcely had the efforts of Nicholas and Gregory put an end to sacerdotal marriage in Rome when the morals of the Roman clergy became a disgrace to Christendom."

In 1130, Cardinal Pier-Leone was elected pope, although he had children by his sister, Tropea, and carried a concubine with him when travelling, as Cardinal Vanutelli is said to have done when he attended the Canadian Council several years ago.

Pope Innocent VIII. had sixteen illigitimate children, and Pope Alexander VI. nearly as many; and although Pope Benedict IX was only *ten years old* when made Pontiff by his dissolute mother, he lost little time before sinking into the most swinish debauchery.

Canon Burchard, the private Chamberlain to Pope Alexander VI. wrote:

"The women (of the convents) were persecuted and imprisoned if they had

any relation with laymen; but when they yielded themselves to the monks, masses were sung and feasts given. The nuns, thus coupled give birth to gentle and pretty little monks, or else they cause abortions to be performed. If any one were tempted to uphold that this is not true, *he need only search the privy vaults of the convents*, and he will find there nearly as many children's bones as were in Bethlehem in the time of Herod."

(See Human Sexuality. p. 258.)

In describing the morals of the Pope and the priests, the poet Petrarch used language which cannot be printed.

Babylon itself never sunk lower in bestial vice; and Petrarch's feelings were intensified by the brutal assault which the Pope made upon the poet's young and beautiful sister.

Pope Gregory VII. in a letter to an Abbot wrote, in the year 1408:

"Many of the nuns commit fornication with the monks and the lay brothers; and in the same monasteries bring forth sons and daughters * * * and not a few of the nuns destroy the fœtus, and *kill the children who see the light*."

(Cited, and the full Latin text given in "Nuns and Nunneries", p. 184. See Appendix A. to this article.)

The Council of Mayence, under Pope Stephen V. absolutely forbade priests to allow "any description of women to live in the house" with them, and declared that "very many crimes have been committed so that some priests have had children born to them by their own sisters."

(See Appendix B. for the Latin decree of the Council.)

Nicholas de Clamenges was a famous Catholic scholar, rector of the University of Paris, in 1393, and later Archdeacon of Baieux. When he died at the College of Navarre, he was buried in the Chapel, under the lamp before the great altar. He published a book on the subject of the corruption in his church. He attributed this evil condition to the vicious lives of the priests, and to the fact that when they committed murder, rape, or any other enormous crime, they can pay themselves out of prison *with money*.

(The Popes had a price-list, and the fine or tax for crimes ranged all the way from theft and gambling up to perjury, incest, sacrilege, assassination, and rape.)

Alluding to other causes of depravity, the Catholic scholar says:

"Touching the Monks and Monasteries, there is abundance of matter to speak of—were it not that it would oppress me to dwell long on the enumeration of so great and so many *abominations*."

Speaking of the nuns, Clamenges says:

"Modesty forbids me to say much concerning them that might be said." Then he compares the convents to "brothels" and the nuns to "harlots, lewd and incestuous."

In 1774, Duke Leopold of Tuscany investigated the nunneries of his dominions. He was a Catholic, of course, and his main assistant in overhauling the convents was the Catholic Bishop Ricci.

I regret that space cannot be given to all the testimony secured by Duke Leopold and presented in substance to the Pope, but the following passage which occurs in a letter from Bishop Ricci to Cardinal Corsini, sufficiently indicates the conditions uncovered:

"In writing to the Pope, I would not enter into *infamous details which would horrify you*.

Yet what have not these wretched Dominican Monks been guilty of!

The stories of the wife of the Provincial and the mistress of the Confesser', and other follies of like kind, are revolting to every one."

"That which I have learned, makes me shudder."

Duke Leopold having become Emperor of Austria, the good Bishop Ricci was left helpless against the monks whom he had exposed and infuriated. The Pope turned against him, he lost his bishopric, and he was compelled to humble himself by signing a recanta-

tion of the charges he had made against the licentious monks—charges based upon the sworn evidence of the nuns, and of a number of workmen who had witnessed many of the carousels in the convents.

The immortal Florentine monk, Savonarola, said, "The women in the convents are worse than the courtesans"; and the most illustrious literateur the Catholic Church ever produced, told the Pope practically the same thing. Erasmus, in his wonderful book, "The Praise of Folly", lashes the monks and the priests with unsparing severity, nor does he spare the Popes themselves. In his letter to the Prothonotary of Leo X. he enters into frightful details, which, however, were not likely to shock a pontiff who was a chronic sufferer from syphilis.

"There are monasteries where there is no discipline and which are worse than brothels.

There are others again, where the brethren are so sick of the imposture, that they keep it up only to deceive the vulgar.

The convent at best is but a miserable bondage, and if there be outward decency, a knot which cannot be loosed may still be fatal to soul and body.

"Young men are fooled and cheated into joining these orders. Once in the toils, they are broken in and trained into Pharisees. They may repent, but the Superiors will not let them go, *lest they should betray the orgies which they have witnessed.* They crush them down with scourage and penance, the secular arm, chanceries and dungeons. Nor is this the worst. *Cardinal Mateo* said at a public dinner, before a large audience, naming place and persons, *that the Dominicans had buried a young man alive whose father demanded his son's release.* A Polish noble who had fallen asleep in a church, *saw two Franciscans buried alive;* yet these wretches call themselves the representatives of Benedict and Basil and Jerome.

"A monk may be drunk every day. *He may go with loose women secretly or openly.* He may waste the Church's money on vicious pleasures. He may be a quack or a charlatan, and all the while be an excellent brother and fit to be made an abbott; while one who, for the best of reasons lays aside his frock is howled at as an apostate. Surely the true apsotate is he who goes into sensuality, pomp, vanity, the lusts of the flesh, the sins which he renounced at his baptism. All of us would think him a worse man than the other if the commonness of such characters did not hide their deformity. *Monks of abandoned lives notoriously swarm over Christendom.*"

(Life and Letters of Erasmus, 175.)

In the "Familiar Colloquies" of Erasmus, there are two which give a racy, vivid outline of the lives of the monks and the priests—the dialogue entitled "The Franciscans," and that between the "Abbot and the Learned Woman."

Chapter VII. of Dr. John W. Draper's "Intellectual Progress of Europe" should be read carefully by those who wish to know what English history reveals of the natural consequences of trying to compel priests and nuns to live unnatural lives. Nature *will* assert itself.

When Pope Innocent III. authorized Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury to investigate the condition of the English convents and monasteries, in 1489 it was found that they were hot beds of sensuality, vices and crimes.

(See Lea: Sacerdotal Celibacy, Vol. II. p. 16.)

In fact, the Popes so thoroughly understood the necessities of nature, in the case of the lusty priest, that a very moderate fine was levied upon the delinquent in the Taxes of the Penitentiary. For the sum of four *gros tournois*, or less than half a florin, the adulterous or concubinary priest could purchase forgiveness of his venial sin.

Perhaps the most infamous book ever printed is that in which the Popes—Vicars of Christ! jotted down the prices to be paid by criminals of all

degrees for the papal pardon of all sorts of crime.

(A copy of this book is in the British Museum.)

Are the nuns free to leave the convents? Are these most pitiable women the slaves of the priests, walled up in a living tomb, utterly without means of resistance and of escape? Are they completely in the power of the priests, and have they any chance whatever to appeal to the State?

Read the decree of the council of Trent, enjoining all bishops to enforce the close confinement of nuns, by every means, and even to engage the assistance of the secular arm for that purpose.

All Princes are commanded to protect the convent enclosure, and all civil magistrates are threatened with excommunication, if they fail to aid the bishop in throwing the escaped nun back into the living tomb.

God in Heaven! These ravening wolves of Rome have 58,000 American women now imprisoned, under lock and key, and the State does not dare to exercise the sovereign right to investigate the condition of those cess-pools of priestly vice. On the contrary when some poor, half-maddened girl or woman *does* elude the vigilance of the papal guards, and escape over the dungeon wall, policemen, sheriffs, constables and bailiffs are swift to seize her and drag her back to lifelong captivity.

No Catholic woman it would seem, can reach the pinnacle of religious bliss, until she walks into a papal Bastille, and lets the unmarried priest turn the key on her. "*Spouse*" *of Christ!* The most loathsome phrase that ever was invented to cover a secret system of hideous pollution.

In a letter to the Catholic bishop Ricci, a Paulist monk, in 1798, describes the Portuguese convents as follows:

"The regular priests have become the bonzes of Japan, and the nuns the disciples of Venus. *Their convents were seraglios for the monks.*"

In 1851, Dr. Theodore Dwight, of New York, published a book entitled "The Roman Republic of 1849, with accounts of the Inquisition, and the Seige of Rome."

On page 210, the author says:

"The Republican government having been made acquainted with all the infamous practices among the monks of La Maddalena, and certain Jesuit nuns, who had charge of educating the female foundlings, turned them both out. The Pope (Pius IX., so ardently admired by W. J. Bryan and other American seekers of papal votes) ordered the monks to be restored, that they might again tyrannize over those unhappy women.

On hearing of this order, the nuns (three or four hundred) exclaimed with one voice, '*We will not AGAIN be the priests' concubines!*' "

The author then relates how the desperate women attempted to save themselves from their former fate by barricading the doors, arming themselves with such poor weapons as the kitchen afforded—knives, forks, spits, etc.,—displayed the Republican flag, and fought off their assailants for two days.

Who were the assailants of these Italian Catholic women who resisted the Pope's order, which meant renewed sexual submission to the bestial priests?

Those assailants were French Catholic soldiers, commanded by the old Napoleonic marshal, Oudinot; and these foreign bayonets had been sent into Italy, at the urgent instance of Pius IX. ("Peo Nono.") who was unable to crush the Catholic republicans of Rome and demanded outside help from Napoleon III., his bigoted Spanish wife being a tool of the Jesuits, and the Evil Genius of France.

The distracted nuns were of course subdued, some of them thrown into lunatics' cells, and the others put under lock and key—the monks being the goalers. What happened *then*, to those

women, behind those locked doors and thick walls? God knows.

Blanco White says in his "Evidences Against Roman Catholicism", that during the brief existence of the liberal government in Spain, in 1822, the nuns were offered their freedom, and that in Madrid more than two hundred immediately fled the convents.

Against the monks, in their horrible abuse of the nuns, no witness bore weightier testimony than the ex-monk, Blanco White; and Cardinal Newman himself admitted that the word of White could not be doubted: his character was too lofty and spotless for even the vituperous tongues of mendacious priests.

On page 144 of the work already named, Blanco White says of female convents—"I cannot find tints sufficiently dark and gloomy to portray the miseries which *I have witnessed* in their inmates.

Crime, indeed, makes its way into those recesses, in spite of the spiked walls and prison grates.

This I know with all the certainty which the self accusation of the guilty can give. In vain does the law of the land stretch a friendly hand to *the repentant* victim: the unhappy *slave* may be dying to break her fetters!"

But suppose some poor Maria Monk *does* elude her jailers and escape into the world?

White paints the picture of the sickening consequences:

"Her own parents would disown her; friends would shrink from her; she would be haunted by priests and their zealous emissaries, and, like her sister victims of superstition in India, be made to die of a broken heart, if she refused to return to the burning pile from which she had fled in frantic fear."

Of course, Blanco White here refers to the Hindoo *suttee* which required the widow of a Brahman to be burned on the same funeral pyre which consumed the corpse of her husband. Long ago, the English prohibited the *suttee*, and, it is now a thing of the past; but what must be the cynical reflections of the learned Brahman when he sees how the English—in the Old World and the New—have allowed the Roman superstition to expand and perpetuate a hideous system of *man's inhumanity to women*, in the lifelong, hopeless and helpless incarceration of duped "Spouses of Christ?"

Blanco White testifies to what he saw! Cardinal Newman asserts that Blanco White is to be implicitly believed, whenever he states things which he claimed to know. Could evidence be more convincing?

Not a soul ever undertook to overthrow the evidence of this ex-monk of Spain, the tutor in the home of Archbishop Whateley, the Oxford scholar, and the honored friend of the most eminent Englishmen of his day.

So much, then, by way of historic back-ground for the "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." We have seen what Popes and Councils alleged against the unnatural life of convents and monasteries; we have seen how the Council of Trent virtually decreed that the nuns were prisoners who must be flung back into their dungeons, if they should escape; we have seen how the roof was lifted off the system by *official investigation*, in Italy and England; we have seen how the Catholic authors—Erasmus, Savonarola, Ricci, and Clamenges—corroborated Luther, Calvin and Knox; we have seen how, in the most modern developments as in the most ancient, the fruits of *the system* are absolutely the same; and we bring the evidence down to 1849, a date *later* than those involved in the narrative of Maria Monk.

PART II.

"In the year 1835, Maria Monk was found alone and in a wretched and feeble condition, on the outskirts of New York city, by a humane man, who got her admitted into the hospital at Bellevue. She then first told the story in outline, which she afterwards and uniformly repeated in detail, and which was carefully written down and published in the following form: —she said she was a fugitive nun from the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, whence she had effected her escape, in consequence of cruelty which she had suffered, and crimes which were there committed by the Romish priests, who had the control of the institution, and to which they had access, by private as well as public entrances. Having expressed a willingness to go to that city, make public accusations, and point out evidences of their truth in the convent itself, she was taken thither by a resolute man, **who afterwards suffered for an act of great merit**; but she was unable to obtain a fair hearing, apparently **through the secret opposition of the priests.** She returned to New York, where her story was thought worthy of publication, and it was proposed to have it carefully written down from her lips, and published in a small pamphlet. Everything she communicated was, therefore, accurately written down, and, when copied out, read to her for correction."

The above extract is taken from the Preface to the original edition of "Maria Monk."

It is not my purpose to repeat the story of this unfortunate victim of the Roman *system*. It is practically the same as that of the Italian nuns of 1849; of the Spanish nuns whose fate was indicated by the unimpeachable Blanco White; of the Tuscan nuns who testified before the Commission of Duke Leopold; and of the French nuns who escaped about the same time that Maria Monk did, and whose cases came before the French courts.

(See History Auricular Confession, by Count C. P. DeLasteyrie. Also, "Nunneries", by Seeley.)

In short, Maria Monk, a Canadian girl, entered the Montreal convent in good faith, and soon, discovered that she was a prisoner, a slave, a sexual victim of the priests: that if the nuns rebelled, they were barbarously punished, and even killed; that the virginal nuns who resisted the priests were ravished; that infants born in the convent were first baptized and then smothered—just as Pope Gregory VII. charged in his official letter, whose original Latin you will find in the appendix to this article.

Maria Monk gave the following account of herself:

My parents were both from Scotland, but had been resident in Lower Canada some time before their marriage, which took place in Montreal; and in that city I spent most of my life. I was born at St. John's, where they lived for a short time. My father was an officer under the British Government, and my mother has enjoyed a pension on that account ever since his death.

According to my earliest recollections, he was attentive to his family; and a particular passage from the Bible, which often occurred to my mind in after life, I may very probably have been taught by him, as after his death I do not recollect to have received any religious instruction at home; and was not even brought up to read the scriptures; my mother, although nominally a Protestant, not being accustomed to pay attention to her children in this respect. She was rather inclined to think well of the Catholics, and often attended their churches. To my want of religious instruction at home and the ignorance of my Creator, and my duty, which was its natural effect, I think I can trace my introduction to convents, and the scenes which I am to describe in this narrative.

When about six or seven years of age, I went to school to a Mr. Workman, a Protestant, who taught in Sacrament street, and remained several months. There I learned to read and write, and arithmetic as far as division. All the progress I ever made in those branches was gained in that school, as I have never improved in any of them since.

A number of girls of my acquaintance went to school to the nuns of the Congregational Nunnery, or Sisters of Charity, as they are sometimes called. The schools taught by them are perhaps more numerous than some of my readers may imagine. Nuns are sent out from that convent to many of the towns and villages of Canada to teach small schools: and some of them are established as instructresses in different parts of the United States. When I was about ten years old, my mother asked me one day if I should not

like to learn to read and write French; and I then began to think seriously of attending the school in the Congregational Nunnery. I had already some acquaintance with that language, sufficient to speak it a little, as I heard it every day, and my mother knew something of it.

I have a distinct recollection of my first entrance into the Nunnery; and the day was an important one in my life, as on it commenced my acquaintance with a Convent. I was conducted by some of my young friends along Notre Dame street till we reached the gate. Entering that, we walked some distance along the side of a building towards the chapel, until we reached a door, stopped, and rung a bell. This was soon opened, and entering, we proceeded through a long covered passage till we took a short turn to the left, soon after which we reached the door of the school-room. On my entrance, the Superior met me, and told me first of all that I must always dip my fingers into the holy water at her door, cross myself, and say a short prayer; and this she told me was always required of Protestant as well as Catholic children.

There were about fifty girls in the school, and the nuns professed to teach something of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. The methods, however, were very imperfect, and little attention was devoted to them, the time being in a great degree engrossed with lessons in needle-work, which was performed with much skill. The nuns had no very regular parts assigned them in the management of the schools. They were rather rough and unpolished in their manners, often exclaiming, "c'est un menti" (that's a lie), and "mon Dieu" (my God), on the most trivial occasions. Their writing was quite poor, and it was not uncommon for them to put a capital letter in the middle of a word. The only book on geography which we studied, was a catechism of geography, from which we learnt by heart a few questions and answers. We were sometimes referred to a map, but it was only to point out Montreal or Quebec, or some other prominent name, while we had no instruction beyond.

It may be necessary for the information of some of my readers to mention that there are three distinct Convents in Montreal, all of different kinds; that is, founded on different plans, and governed by different rules. Their names are as follows:

1st. The Congregational Nunnery.

2d. The Black Nunnery, or Convent of Sister Bourgeoise.

3d. The Grey Nunnery.

The first of these professes to be devoted entirely to the education of girls. It would require however only a proper examination to prove that, with the exception of needle-work, hardly anything is taught excepting prayers and the catechism; the instruction in reading, writing, etc., in fact, amounting to very little, and often to nothing. This Convent is adjacent to that next to be spoken of being separated from it only by a wall. The second professes to be a charitable institution for the care of the sick, and the supply of bread and medicines for the poor; and something is done in these departments of charity although but an insignificant amount, compared with the size of the buildings, and the number of the inmates.

The Grey Nunnery, which is situated in a distant part of the city, is also a large edifice, containing departments for the care of insane persons and foundlings. With this, however, I have less personal acquaintance than with either of the others. I have often seen two of the Grey nuns, and know that their rules as well as those of the Congregational Nunnery, do not confine them always within their walls, like those of the Black Nunnery. These two Convents have their common names (Black and Grey) from the colors of the dresses worn by their inmates.

In all these three Convents, there are certain apartments into which strangers can gain admittance, but others from which they are always excluded. In all, large quantities of various ornaments are made by the nuns, which are exposed for sale in the **Ornament** rooms, and afford large pecuniary receipts every year, which contribute much to their incomes. In these rooms visitors often purchase such things as please them from some of the old and confidential nuns who have the charge of them.

From all that appears to the public eye, the nuns of these Convents are devoted to the charitable objects appropriate to each, the labor of making different articles, known to be manufactured by them, and the religious observances, which occupy a large portion of their time. They are regarded with much respect by the people at large; and now and then when a novice takes the veil, she is supposed to retire from the temptations and troubles of this world into a state of holy seclusion, where by prayer, self-mortification, and good deeds, she prepares herself for heaven. Sometimes the Superior of a Convent obtains the character of working miracles; and when such a one dies, it is published through the country, and crowds throng the Convent, who think indulgences are to be derived from bits of her clothes or other things she has possessed; and many have sent articles to be touched to her bed

or chair, in which a degree of virtue is thought to remain. I used to participate in such ideas and feelings, and began by degrees to look upon a nun as the happiest of women, and a Convent as the most peaceful, holy, and delightful place of abode. It is true, some pains were taken to impress such views upon me. Some of the priests of the Seminary often visited the Congregational Nunnery and both catechised and talked with us on religion. The Superior of the Black Nunnery, adjoining, also, occasionally came into the school, enlarged on the advantages we enjoyed in having such teachers, and dropped something now and then relating to her own Convent, calculated to make us entertain the highest ideas of it, and to make us sometimes think of the possibility of getting into it.

Among the instructions given us by the priests some of the most pointed were those directed against the Protestant Bible. They often enlarged upon the evil tendency of that book, and told us that but for it many a soul now condemned to hell, and suffering eternal punishment, might have been in happiness. They could not say anything in its favor; for that would be speaking against religion and against God. They warned us against it, and represented it as a thing very dangerous to our souls. In confirmation of this, they would repeat some of the answers taught us at catechism a few of which I will here give. We had little catechisms ("Le Petit Catechism") put into our hands to study; but the priests soon began to teach us a new set of answers, which were not to be found in our books, and from some of which I received new ideas, and got, as I thought, important light on religious subjects, which confirmed me more and more in my belief in the Roman Catholic doctrines. These questions and answers I can still recall with tolerable accuracy, and some of them I will add here. I never have read them, as we were taught them only by word of mouth.

Q. Why did not God make all the commandments?

A. Because man is not strong enough to keep them.

Q. Why are men not to read the New Testament?

A. Because the mind of man is too limited to understand what God has written.

There was a girl thirteen years old whom I knew in the School, who resided in the neighborhood of my mother, and with whom I had been familiar. She told me one day at school of the conduct of a priest with her at confession, at which I was astonished. It was of so criminal and shameful a nature, I could hardly believe it, and yet I had so much confidence that she spoke the truth, that I could not discredit it.

She was partly persuaded by the priest to believe that he could not sin, because he was a priest, and that anything he did to her would sanctify her; and yet she seemed doubtful how she should act. A priest, she had been told by him, is a holy man, and appointed to a holy office, and therefore what would be wicked in other men, could not be so in him. She told me that she had informed her mother of it, who expressed no anger nor disapprobation, but only enjoined it upon her not to speak of it; and remarked to her, that as priests were not like other men, but holy, and sent to instruct and save us, whatever they did was right.

I afterwards confessed to the priest that I had heard the story, and had a penance to perform for indulging a sinful curiosity in making inquiries; and the girl had another for communicating it. I afterward learned that other children had been treated in the same manner, and also of similar proceedings in other places.

Indeed, it was not long before such language was used to me, and I well remember how my views of right and wrong were shaken by it. Another girl at the School, from a place above Montreal, called the Lac, told me the following story of what had occurred recently in that vicinity. A young squaw, called La Belle Marie, (pretty Mary), had been seen going to confession at the house of the priest, who lived a little out of the village. La Belle Marie was afterwards missed, and her murdered body was found in the river. A knife was also found covered with blood, bearing the priest's name. Great indignation was excited among the Indians, and the priest immediately absconded, and was never heard from again. A note was found on his table addressed to him, telling him to fly if he was guilty.

It was supposed that the priest was fearful that his conduct might be betrayed by this young female; and he undertook to clear himself by killing her.

These stories struck me with surprise at first, but I gradually began to feel differently, even supposing them true, and to look upon the priests as men incapable of sin; besides when I first went to confession, which I did to Father Richards, in the old French church (since taken down), I heard nothing improper; and it was not until I had been several times, that the priests became more and more bold, and were at length indecent in their questions and even in their conduct when I confessed to them in the Sacristie. This subject I believe is not understood nor

suspected among Protestants; and it is not my intention to speak of it very particularly, because it is impossible to do so without saying things both shameful and demoralizing.

I will only say here, that when quite a child, I had from the mouths of the priests at confession what I cannot repeat, with treatment corresponding; and several females in Canada have recently assured me that they have repeatedly, and indeed regularly, been required to answer the same and other like questions, many of which present to the mind deeds which the most iniquitious and corrupt heart could hardly invent.

At length I determined to become a Black nun, and called upon one of the oldest priests in the Seminary, to whom I made known my intention.

The old priest to whom I applied was Father Rocque. He is still alive. He was at that time the oldest priest in the Seminary, and carried the Bon Dieu, (Good God), as the sacramental wafer is called. When going with a man before him, who rang a bell as a signal to administer it in any country place, he used to ride. When the Canadians, whose habitations he passed, heard it, they would come and prostrate themselves to the earth, worshipping it as God. He was a man of great age, and wore large curls, so that he somewhat resembled his predecessor, Father Roue. He was at that time at the head of the Seminary. This institution is a large edifice situated near the Congregational and Black Nunneries, being on the east side of Notre Dame street. It is the general rendevous and centre of all the priests in the District of Montreal, and, I have been told, supplies all the country with priests as far down as Three Rivers, which place, I believe, is under the charge of the Seminary of Quebec. About one hundred and fifty priests are connected with that of Montreal, as every small place has one priest, and a number of larger ones have two.

Father Rocque promised to converse with the Superior of the Convent, and proposed my calling again, at the end of two weeks, at which time I visited the Seminary again, and was introduced by him to the Superior of the Black Nunnery. She told me she must make some inquiries, before she could give me a decided answer; and proposed to me to take up my abode a few days at the house of a French family in St. Lawrence suburbs, a distant part of the city. Here I remained about a fortnight; during which time I formed some acquaintance with the family, particularly with the mistress of the house, who was a devoted Papist, and had a high respect for the Superior, with whom she stood on good terms.

At length, on Saturday morning about 10 o'clock, I called and was admitted into the Black Nunnery, as a novice, much to my satisfaction, for I had a high idea of a life in a Convent, secluded, as I supposed the inmates to be, from the world and all its evil influences, and assured of everlasting happiness in heaven. The Superior received me, and conducted me into a large room, where the novices, (who are called in French Protulantes,) were assembled, and engaged in their customary occupation of sewing.

Here were about forty of them, and they were collected in groups in different parts of the room, chiefly near the windows; but in each group was found one of the veiled nuns of the Convent, whose abode was in the interior apartments, to which no novice was to be admitted. As we entered, the Superior informed the assembly that a new novice had come, and she desired any present who might have known me in the world to signify it.

Two Miss Fougnees, and a Miss Howard, from Vermont, who had been my fellow-pupils in the Congregational Nunnery, immediately recognized me."

This much of Maria Monk's narrative is given in order that it may be seen how definitely she mentions places, names, and events, and how fearlessly she opens the widest door to denial and refutation. She does not talk like the maker of a myth, but with the plain straight-forwardness of one telling a true tale.

When her dynamic book came from the press of Harper Brothers, it was almost as eagerly read as was the New Testament of Erasmus, and the German Bible of Luther. A profound, national sensation was felt. Even in England, the Romanists quaked at the consequences of these fearful revelations.

The Roman machinery was put in motion, and every possible effort was made to counteract the work of the American woman. Rome's invariable tactics were employed, abuse, calumny, brazen lies, impudent fabrications.

The priests denied that Maria Monk had ever been a nun; then they alleged that she *had* been one, but had been expelled because she was *bad;* then they

said that she had merely copied a Portuguese book, a hundred years old; then they said that the Nunnery was not constructed as Maria had describe it, and that it had no under-ground passage.

Finally, the priests said that Maria Monk had always been a woman of bad character, a prostitute and a drunkard, and that she had died wretchedly in the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island.

It is a curious controversy, and it may some day supplant "The Man in the Iron Mask", as a historic puzzle. The Romanists allege that Bloody Queen Mary and her bilious spouse, Philip II. of Spain, were virtuously amiable persons, and that Queen Elizabeth and Martin Luther were tools of the Devil. The Romanists see many things to admire in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and many a good word is being said for the Inquisition. The Romanists are confident that Torquemada and the Duke of Alva had kind hearts, and are certain that the Jesuits did right to murder Henry IV. and the Prince of Orange.

When the Romanist mind takes colors of that kind, *truth* becomes a negligible matter.

What *is* the truth about Maria Monk? A Romanist and a Jesuit—one M. J. Walsh, of Augusta, Georgia—roundly asserted in a recent issue of *The Sunday Visitor*, a leading Catholic paper, that "*There never was a Maria Monk case!*"

Let us examine the record: let us weigh the evidence: let us see whether there ever was a Maria Monk case—a fact which we might easily believe, after we learn that even the Romanists admit that there *was* a Maria Monk.

Too astute and too cowardly to prosecute the Harper Brothers and Maria Monk, the priests took up the weapons of Jesuitism.

A bulky book called "Maria Monk's Daughter" was published in New York by the U. S. Publishing Co.—whatever *that* concern may have been. It was probably a nice, patriotic name to cover a Roman Catholic publisher. In this volume, a "Mrs. L. St. John Eckel", strives to show up *her own mother*, as an impostor and a bawd!

The loyal daughter says in her story that she wrote her book *at the command of a priest.* This admission, of course, puts the royal o. k. on the work.

The Eckel woman asserts that Maria Monk was Mrs. St. John, and says of her, "She was my mother, *and I hated her.*"

The narrative of Mrs. Eckel is so confused, and so very much in contrast to the simple clearness of Maria Monk's, that it is difficult to follow and untangle her statements.

Mrs. Eckel apparently means to be understood as saying that her father and mother were always fussing; that her father perjured himself in the lame effort to steal some property; that his neighbors detested him, and that her mother and he separated, *because* her mother was so much worse than her father. But yet Mrs. Eckel declared that her father was a descendant of Lord Bolingbroke, and had the best blood of Old England in his veins. We must assume then, that Mrs. Eckel "took after" her mother.

Of the pitiable end of Maria Monk, this extraordinary Daughter says, with a pathos of which she appeared to be unconscious:

"At last when my mother was sent to Blackwell's Island, *my sister* would often prevail upon the boatmen to let *her* go over *with the convicts;* and, when she got there, *our* mother would *always* be waiting for *her;* and her first words would be: '*Have you heard from the children? When shall I see them again?*"

No word about yourself, poor Maria Monk! No complaint of your own base treatment and your living death! No: nothing but the mother's wail, heard all round the world, since the day Eve caught the cold form of Abel to her maternal bosom. The old, old cry of Ramah—Rachel weeping for her children!

"When did you hear from my children? When shall I ever see them again?"

That malignant old Jesuit, Cardinal Gibbons, says in his shamelessly lying book:

"God avenged the crime of two and forty boys who mocked the prophet Eliseus by sending wild beasts to tear them to pieces. The frightful death of Maria Monk, the caluminator of consecrated Priests and Virgins, who ended her life a drunken maniac on Blackwell's Island, *proves* that *our* religious institutions are not to be mocked with impunity."

Of course, if Gibbons wants to believe, *literally*, that two little Jewish she-bears ate 42 Jew boys, at one bait, because the boys had reminded Eliseus that he was bald headed, it is Gibbons' privilege to do it, there being no law against the literal construction of any Biblical allegory, parable, or folk lore. But when the artful Cardinal argues that the Almighty will not permit people to tell the truth on "consecrated Priests and Virgins," I must remind him that no bears, and no drunken mania destroyed Erasmus, Blanco White, Pope Gregory VII., Joseph McCabe, William Crowley, Rev. Justin D. Fulton, Charles Chiniquy, Bishop Manuel Ferrando, Ex-priest P. A. Seguin, Rev. A. E. Barnett, or the iniquitous men who publish The Menace and The Jeffersonian.

There are many omissions in the "Maria Monk's Daughter" which cannot be explained. It is not stated when, where and of what parentage "mother" was born; it is not stated when, where, and under what circumstances "mother" was married to St. John; it is not stated when, where, and how "mother" misbehaved herself; it is not stated when, by whom, and by what evidence "mother" was sentenced to Blackwell's Island. It is not stated that the "Daughter" was present when "mother" was tried, nor that the Daughter ever visited the imprisoned mother; nor that the daughter knew when her mother died, how she died, and where she was buried. It is not stated where, when, and in what circumstances "father" died, although the Daughter was ravenously fond of "father." It is not stated who were the neighbors and the bar-keepers who knew of "mother's" dissolute habits. Great pains are taken to embellish Daughter's book with a picture of her own lovable self, and of several hard-faced, nutcracker aunts of hers; but no picture of father or mother is presented. In fact, there is the strongest avoidance of names, dates, and corroborating incidents, the very things so necessary to be a book of this character.

The mother's narrative was published in 1836; the Daughter's attack, in 1874: the prudent priests and the dutiful Daughter *patiently waited 38 years before assailing the dead.* A good many witnesses can die, disappear, or be silenced in 38 years. Against the dead woman, were the organizations of the most powerful and criminal church that ever cursed the world: in favor of the dead, there was nothing save the intrinsic evidences of truth borne in her plain, connected, circumstantial narrative, supplemented by the affidavits of a few persons who knew Maria Monk, but who could not possibly know what had been done to her in the Nunnery.

There is at least one redeeming feature about "Daughter": she paints herself almost as black as she paints "mother." She seems to exult in the fact that she was a hell-cat, that her uncle declared she was possessed of the Devil, that her aunt said she would come to some bad end, and that she separated from *her* husband, Eckel, who appears to have died in consequence of writing a few stanzas of extremely sad and bad poetry. "Daughter's" uncle and aunt were both right: Daughter *was* possesed of a Devil, else she would never have desecrated the grave of her mother; and she *did* come to a bad end, for she flopped to the Roman Catholic Church and exhibited her asinine qualities by giving her name to one of the falsest books that

Rome ever caused to be published.

As I have indicated, there is not a single shred of evidence produced in this vile book to support its statements. No letter of corroboration, no affidavit, no document, no transcript from any record.

It will occur to every intelligent reader, that the very first requisites to such a work as that of "Maria Monk's Daughter" would have been *a transcript of the court sentence which condemned Maria Monk to Blackwell's Island*, and a transcript from the books kept there, to show what became of her. No such documentary evidence has yet been forthcoming. Nor has anyone ever produced an affidavit, from neighbor, bar-keeper, brothel-keeper or others, to substantiate the charge that Maria Monk was a drunkard and a prostitute.

It must be clear to you that the Harper Brothers did not assume the risks and responsibilities of such a book as the "Awful Disclosures," without having made careful inquiries into her antecedents. If the book had been a tissue of falsehoods, the Harper Brothers could have been ruined by libel suits and prosecutions. It must be equally clear to you that if Maria Monk *afterwards* became a drunkard and a prostitute, her persecutors would have gathered up affidavits by the dozen, *and published them at that time.*

How did they get her into the asylum for the insane? God knows. Read "Hard Cash", and learn how easily it can be done. Probably no day passes that does not see some victim of greed, or of lust, or of revenge put out of sight, to be seen of men no more forever. Some are buried alive in convents, some in brothels, some in lunatic asylums.

Why should any woman, in a book issued in her life-time, falsely confess that she had been raped, held in vile relations to priests, and forced to bear the children of fornication? What possible benefit could she hope to obtain by such a relation of her own shame, and such a libellous publication against living persons whose names she gave? *Why did the Mother Superior of the Black Nunnery never dare to prosecute Maria Monk and the Harper Brothers?*

They are swift enough to prosecute people who reveal the truth about Roman Catholic theology; and they do not deny that what these defendants published *is the truth*: but they did not dare to prosecute Maria Monk, nor the New York publishers of her terrible book. *Why not?*

THEY WERE AFRAID TO FACE HER IN COURT!

They hounded her with the cowardice and savagery of wolves; they slandered her and isolated her; they terrorized the poor creature so ruthlessly and persistently that her reason gave way, and she *did* die a raving maniac.

For no greater cause, the mind of the Empress Carlotta failed her, when the benevolent Pope "Peo Nono" coldly, pitilessly, refused to lift a finger to save Maximilian, the Hapsburgh archduke whom the Jesuits and Peeo Nono had sent to despotize over the Mexicans.

One night, in 1905, I lay very sick in the Victoria Hotel, New York; and my physician, Dr. John H. Girdner, relieved the dreariness of the hours by telling me of the fate of a young German who had followed Frankie Folsome to this country. The unfortunate youth called himself Bauer, and claimed to belong to the lesser nobility of a small Germanic state. He *may* have been the son of Caroline Bauer, the known mistress of a German prince who lived with her awhile in England.

Young Bauer, a fine, intelligent manly fellow, had become acquainted with Frankie Folsome in Europe—so he said.

Anyway, he followed her to this country and became very annoying and obnoxious to Grover Cleveland. The German labored under the delusion that Miss Folsome was his be-

trothed, and that Mr. Cleveland had unfairly cut him out. He was quite frantic about it, and very importunate in his demands for an interview with his lost lady.

What did Mr. Cleveland do to rid himself of the nuisance? He secured the affidavits of several doctors—three, as I remember—who deposed and swore that the young German was crazy. Immediately, without further proceedings, he was confined at one of the New York institutions for the insane—possibly Blackwell's Island.

Was the man insane? Who knows? But if it is so easy as all that to bury a stalwart young man alive, when he has annoyed one Protestant family, how much easier is it for the powerful Roman organizations to make way with one troublesome and friendless old woman!

In Ireland and in England the "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk" created a panic among the papists. They, too, got in motion, and published "the facts" against the "impostor." I have a copy of "The True History of Maria Monk", sponsored by The Catholic Truth Society, of London; and, according to the fly-leaf, 102,000 have been distributed.

The Catholic Truth Society presents an affidavit alleged to have been made by Dr. William Robertson, *a Justice of the Peace.* This medical jurist deposes and says that three men—names not given—brought "a young female" to his house on November 9, 1834, and that the three men said that the young female called herself Maria Monk, and asserted *that Dr. Robertson was her father!*

The three men had seized upon the young female, "on the banks of the canal, near the extremity of the St. Joseph's suburbs, *acting in a manner which induced some people who saw her to think that she intended to drown herself.*"

According to the medical J. P., the three mysterious men brought the young female directly to his house from the canal. Further on in his affidavit he makes this statement:

"To remove her from the watch-house, where she was confined with some of the most profligate women of the town, taken up for inebriety and disorderly conduct on the streets, as she could not give a satisfactory account of herself, I, as a Justice of the Peace, *sent her to goal as a vagrant.*"

Yet he knew that her father had lived in the city and was named W. Monk.

"In the course of a few days she was released from the goal." Why? If she was in truth a vagabond and her commitment to jail legal, what caused her release in a few days without any trial?

The medical jurist further deposes that he felt it incumbent on himself to investigate the whereabouts of Maria Monk during the years she claimed to have lived in the Nunnery. This most diligent of Medico-Justices discovered that the summer of 1832 was passed by Maria at William Henry, *where she was in service*: the winter of 1832-3 "she passed in this neighborhood of St. Ours and St. Denis. The accounts given of her conduct that season, corroborate the opinions I had before entertained of her character."

Any affidavits of the employers in whose service she passed the summer? None. Any letter, or signed statement about "her conduct that season?" None. Any names of employer or acquaintances of Maria mentioned? *None.*

That Robertson may have had some woman sent to jail is probable enough, but he took abundant precautions against impeachment as to *Maria Monk*, for he does not name the three men who seized the young female on the canal, he does not furnish a copy of the goal-book entry, he does not say in whose service the woman was employed, nor does he name a single person that told him of her bad conduct. Indeed, he does not specify what her "conduct" consisted of, but shuns specification by saying it corroborated his *prejudgment.*

Dr. Robertson's testimony—vague as

it is and never subjected to cross-examination—*cannot be reconciled with that of "Maria Monk's Daughter."* If the one is true, the other is false; and the most charitable view which can be taken of Dr. Robertson's affidavit is, that the "young female" of whom he speaks was not Maria Monk.

Following Dr. Robertson, comes *the mother of Maria Monk*, and her evidence, as published by the Catholic Truth Society, is an amazing contradiction of both Robertson and the "Daughter". The mother's affidavit was taken by Dr. Robertson himself, and is dated *nearly a month ahead of his.* Yet, in his own evidence, the Doctor J. P. does not mention Maria's mother, nor any of the alleged facts disclosed by her.

The mother states that in August, 1835, a man named Hoyte brought her daughter Maria Monk to Montreal, and that Maria then had a child five weeks old. Hoyte and Maria had come from New York and put up at the Good-enough Tavern. Hoyte was a preacher and he and two other preachers—one named Brewster—endeavored to bribe Maria's mother to swear that Maria had been a nun. Of course, the bribe was spurned. Indeed, the cash was not produced.

There was a Mrs. Tarbert who testified as follows:

"I knew the said Maria Monk: last spring, she told me that the father of the child she was then carrying was burned in Mr. Owsten's house. Last summer she came back to my lodgings and told me that she had made out the father of her child. The next morning I found that she was in a house of bad fame, where I went for her.

Maria Monk then told me that the father of her child wanted her to swear an oath that would lose her soul forever.

I then told Maria, 'Do not lose your soul for money.'"

Now let us sum up these three affidavits:

In November, 1834, three unnamed men prevent Maria Monk from jumping into the canal, and Dr. Robertson flings her into the calaboose with lewd women, "as a vagrant." Nothing against her can be proved, and she is released in a few days.

In August 1835, Maria comes to Montreal from New York, with a baby, and a man named Hoyte; and Hoyte, at the instigation of the Devil and his own wicked mind, repeatedly tempts old Mrs. Monk, proposing to protect her for life, if she will swear that Maria had been a nun. St. Bridget fortifies the virtue of old Mr. Monk, and she says to Hoyte in effect "Get behind me, Satan."

Whereupon, the repulsed Hoyte takes Maria, and retires into a suburb of Montreal, where the two (and the baby) dwell together in sinful satisfaction.

In the Spring of 1834, three months before the Hoyte episode, Maria Monk told Mrs. Tarbert that the father of her child (Maria's) got burned in Mr. Owsten's house; and we must assume that he was killed by it. But "last summer"—which would be June, July or August, Mrs. Tarbert finds Maria in a house of ill fame.

The priests who got up this absurdly jumbled booklet had no skill in the management of evidence, and no gift of critical analysis.

If Mrs. Tarbert meant the Spring and Summer of 1835, she smashes the affidavit of old Mrs. Monk. But if Mrs. Tarbert meant the Spring and Summer of 1834, she smashes that of Dr. Robertson.

In October, 1835, Mrs. Tarbert testified to where Maria Monk was "last spring" and "last summer"; and she puts Maria in a bawdy house in Montreal, *where the Monk family lived.*

When one, in October, says "last Spring," or "last Summer," the meaning is generally understood to be those seasons of the same year. In that case, Mrs. Monk is flatly contradicted by Mrs. Tarbert, for if Maria was the inmate of a brothel in Montreal, the Summer of 1835, her mother could not

have truthfully sworn that she came from New York, with Hoyte, *the same Summer!*

Besides, a respectable hotel, like Goodenough's, would not have entertained a Montreal courtesan as one of its respectable guests.

There is one fact which *proves* that Mrs. Tarbert meant the Spring and Summer of 1835: *it is the age of the baby!*

Old Mrs. Monk swears that "in August 1835", the child of Maria *was five weeks old; and* Mrs. Tarbert swears that she knew Maria was with child in the Spring *and Summer.* Then, necessarily, it was the Spring and Summer of 1835.

But *what* was Maria doing in a brothel when so near confinement? and *how* did she go from Montreal to New York, strike up with Hoyte, and reappear at Montreal with a 5 weeks baby, *in August?*

In the war of affidavits which followed the publication of the "Awful Disclosures", the defenders of the ruined nun, were neither few nor timid. I present the more important testimonials in her behalf:

First, there was a statement signed by seven men certifying that they were acquainted with Maria Monk, and that they believed her revelations as to the Black Nunnery to be true. The signers were W. C. Brownler, John J. Slocum, Andrew Bruce, D. Fanshaw, David Wesson, and Thomas Hogan.

Second, there was the affidavit of William Miller, which follows:

City and County of New York, ss.

"William Miller, being duly sworn, doth say. I knew Maria Monk when she was quite a child, and was acquainted with her father's family. My father, Mr. Adam Miller, kept the government school at St. John's Lower Canada, for some years. Captain William Monk, Maria's father, lived in the garrison a short distance from the village, and she attended the school with me for some months, probably as much as a year. Her four brothers also attended with us. Our families were on terms of intimacy, as my father had a high regard for Captain Monk; but the temper of his wife was such, even at that time, as to cause much trouble. Captain Monk died very suddenly, as was reported, in consequence of being poisoned. Mrs. Monk was then keeper of the Government House in Montreal, and received a pension which privilege she has since enjoyed.

In the summer of 1832, I left Canada, and came to this city. In about a year afterward, I visited Montreal, and on the day when the Governor reviewed his troops, I believe about the end of August, I called at the Government House where I saw Mrs. Monk and several of the family. I inquired where Maria was and she told me that she was in the nunnery. This fact I well remember, because the information gave me great pain, as I had unfavorable opinions of the nunneries.

On reading the Awful Discourses, I at once knew she was an eloped nun, but was unable to find her until a few days since, when we recognized each other immediately.

I give with pleasure my testimony in her favor as she is among strangers, and exertions have been made against her. I declare my personal knowledge of many facts stated in her book and my full belief in the truth of her story, which shocking as it is, cannot appear incredible in those persons acquainted with Canada.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Sworn before me, this 3d day of March, 1836.

BENJ. D. K. CRAIG,
Commissioner of Deeds.

No attempt was ever made to impeach William Miller. In the book of the "Daughter", he is not mentioned, nor is Captain William Monk named at all. The widow, Mrs. William Monk, never ventured to contradict Miller; and, yet, he had mentioned the time and place of inquiry concerning the whereabouts of Maria. If the girl had *not* gone to school with Miller as he testified, there would have been no difficulty whatever in proving him a liar, by some of the scholars, or by some member of the garrison.

Third:

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
(AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN HILLIKER.)

"City and County of New York, ss.

"John Hilliker, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that one day early in the month of May, 1835, while shooting near the Third avenue, opposite the three-mile stone, in company with three friends, I

saw a woman sitting in a field at a short distance, who attracted our attention. On reaching her, we found her sitting with her head down and could not make her return any answer to our questions. On raising her hat, we saw that she was weeping. She was dressed in an old calico frock (I think of a greenish color), with a checked apron, and an old black bonnet. After much delay and weeping, she beyan to answer my questions, but not until I had got our companions to leave us, and assured her that I was a married man, and disposed to befriend her.

"She then told me that her name was Maria, that she had been a nun in a Nunnery in Montreal, from which she had made her escape, on account of the treatment she had received from priests in that institution, whose licentious conduct she strongly intimated to me. She mentioned some particulars concerning the Convent and her escape. She spoke particularly of a small room where she used to attend, until the physician entered to see the sick, when she accompanied him to write down his prescriptions; and said that she escaped through a door which he sometimes entered. She added that she exchanged her dress after leaving the Nunnery, and that she came to New York in company with a man, who left her as soon as the steamboat arrived. She further stated that she expected soon to give birth to a child, having become pregnant in the Convent; that she had no friend, and knew not where to find one; that she thought of destroying her life; and wished me to leave her, saying that if I should hear of a woman being drowned in the East River, she earnestly desired me never to speak of her.

"I asked if she had had any food that day, to which she answered no; and I gave her money to get some at the grocery of Mr. Cox, in the neighborhood. She left me; but I afterward saw her in the fields, going towards the river; and after much urgency prevailed upon her to go to a house where I thought she might be accommodated, offering to pay her expenses. Failing in this attempt, I persuaded her, with much difficulty, to go to the almshouse; and there we got her received, after I had promised to call to see her, as she said she had something of great consequence which she wished to communicate to me, and wished me to write a letter to Montreal."

"She had every appearance of telling the truth; so much so, that I have never for a moment doubted the truth of her story, but told it to many persons of my acquaintance, with entire confidence in its truth. She seemed overwhelmed with grief, and in a very desperate state of mind. I saw her weep for two hours or more with ceasing; and appeared very feeble when attempting to walk, so that two of us supported her by the arms. We observed, also, that she always folded her hands under her apron when she walked, as she described the nuns as doing in her 'Awful Disclosures.'

"I called at the almshouse gate several times and inquired for her, but, having forgotten half of her name I could not make it understood whom I wished to see, and did not see her until last week. When I saw some of the first extracts from her book in a newspaper, I was confident that they were parts of her story, and when I read the conclusion of the work, I had not a doubt of it. Indeed, many things in the course of the book I was prepared for from what she had told me.

"When I saw her, I recognized her immediately, although she did not know me at first, being in a very different dress. As soon as she was informed where she had seen me, she recognized me. I have not found in the book anything inconsistent with what she had stated to me when I first saw her.

"When I first found her in May, 1835, she had evidently sought concealment. She had a letter in her hand, which she refused to let me see; and when she found I was determined to remove her, she tore it in small pieces, and threw them down. Several days after I visited the spot again and picked them up, to learn something of the contents, but could find nothing intelligible, except the first part of the signature, 'Maria.'

Of the truth of her story, I have not the slightest doubt, and I think I never can until the Nunnery is opened and examined.

"JOHN HILLIKER.

"Sworn before me, this 14th day of March, 1835.

"PETER JENKINS,
"Commissioner of Deeds."

The *Protestant Vindicator*, of New York took up the cause of the persecuted woman, and published *a challenge* to the very priests whose names had been mentioned by Maria Monk. That dare to the Romanists appeared on April 6, 1836.

It was addressed to the Roman Prelate and Priests of Montreal—Messrs. Conroy, Quarter and Schneller, of New York—Messrs. Fenwick and Byrne of Boston—Mr. Hughes of Philadelphia—the Arch-Prelate of Baltimore, and his subordinate priests, and also to Bishop

England of Charleston, South Carolina. The terms of the challenge were:

"To meet an investigation of the truth of Maria Monk's 'Awful Disclosures,' before an impartial assembly, over which shall preside seven gentlemen; three to be selected by the Roman priests, three by the executive committee of the New York Protestant Association, and the seventh as chairman to be chosen by the six.

"An eligible place in New York shall be appointed and the regulations for the decorum and order of the meetings with all the other arrangements, shall be made by the above gentlemen.

"All communications upon this subject from any of the Roman priests or nuns, either individually, or as delegates for their superiors, addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the New York Protestant Association, No. 142 Nassau street, New York, will be promptly answered."

This challenge was published for several weeks, and nobody ventured to accept it. Afraid of a show down, afraid to meet the woman they had so foully wronged, the Romanists slunk back in guilty silence, preferring to trust to their favorite weapons, slanders, abuse, falsehoods, denials, and defamation of character.

What hope of fair treatment could Maria Monk cherish ,when her traducers are the same that seek to defile the purity of Martin Luther and his wife?

Here of late, these unscrupulous priests have even begun to vilify Erasmus, the most brilliant and versatile scholar of the 16th century—*why?*

Because I have been quoting him so often in full corroboration of the "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk."

The challenge of the *Protestant Vindicator* was accompanied by the following editorial:

"THE CHALLENGE.—We have been waiting with no small degree of impatience to hear from some of the Roman priests. But neither they, nor their sisters, the nuns, nor one of their nephews or nieces, have yet ventured to come out. Our longings meet only with disappointment. Did ever any person hear of similar conduct on the part of men accused of the highest crimes ,in their deepest dye? Here is a number of Roman priests, as actors, or accessories, openly denounced before the world as guilty of the most outrageous sins against the sixth and seventh commandments. They are charged before the world with adultery, fornication, and murder! The allegations are distinctly made, the place is mentioned, the parties are named, and the time is designated; for it is lasting as the annual revolutions of th eseasons. And what is most extraordinary—the highest official authorities in Canada know that all these statements are true, and they sanction and connive at the iniquity! The priests and nuns have been offered, for several months past, the most easy and certain mode to disprove the felonies imputed to them, and they are still as the dungeons of the inquisition, silent as the death-like quietude of the Convent cell; and as retired as if they were in the subterraneous passages between the Nunnery and Lartique's habitation. Now, we contend, that scarcely a similar instance of disregard for the opinions of mankind, can be found since the Reformation, at least, in a Protestant country. Whatever disregard for the judgment of others, the Romish priests may have felt, where the inquisition was at their command, and the civil power was their Jackal and their Hyena; they have been obliged to pay some little regard to the opinion of Protestants, and to the dread of exposure. We therefore repeat the solemn indubitable truth—that the facts which are stated by Maria Monk, respecting the Hotei Dieu Nunnery at Montreal, are true as the existence of the priests and nuns—that the character, principles, and practices of the Jesuits and nuns in Canada are most accurately delineated—that popish priests, and sisters of charity in the United States, are their faithful and exact counterparts—that many female schools in the United States, kept by the papist teachers, are nothing more than places of decoy through which young women, at the most delicate age, are ensnared into the power of the Roman priests—that the toleration of the monastic system in the United States and Britain, the only two countries in the world, in which that unnatural abomination is now extending its withering influence, is high treason against God and mankind. If American citizens and British Christians, after the appalling developments which have been made, permit the continuance of that prodigious wickedness which is inseparable from Nunneries and the celibacy of popish priests, they will ere long experience that divine castigation which is justly due to transgressors who wilfully trample upon all the appointments of God, and who subvert the foundation of national concord and extinguish

the comforts of domestic society. Listen to the challenge again! All the papers with which the Protestant Vindicator exchanges, are requested to give the challenge one or more than one insertion." (Here it was repeated.)

Other testimonials purporting to come from schoolmates and acquaintances of Maria Monk were published, and vouched for by the *Protestant Vindicator*, which was in possession of the names of the witnesses; but, as there is now no way for me to learn these names, I exclude that part of the record.

As already stated, the Catholic paper, *Sunday Visitor*, which has the largest general circulation claimed by any papal organ, published an extremely bold article by the Jesuit, M. J. Walsh, roundly denying the Maria Monk story, and affirming that there never had been *such* a case. In other words, no woman had *ever* been wronged in a convent in the manner described by Maria Monk.

As nunneries have existed for a thousand years, confining millions of women in a forlorn state of helplessness, and giving millions of bachelor priests unlimited power over these imprisoned women, you will at once realize how comprehensive is the statement of Walsh. If not a single one of those Maria Monks was ever wronged by the unmarried men who had access to them, much false evidence has been given by Popes, Councils, Bishops, priests, monks, Sisters, and Romanist writers.

The Jesuit Walsh cited Appleton's Encyclopedia, wherein Maria Monk, he said, was rated as an impostor. I happened to have a copy of the original edition of that work, issued in the year 1856, and Maria Monk's name is not mentioned. It had no right to a place there, for the reason that she is not a historic character. A poor, ruined, flung-adrift nun, hounded by the relentless wolves of Rome—what business had her name in a Cyclopedia of illustrious men and women? None of the biographical dictionaries or encyclopedias mentioned Maria Monk—*until when?* Not until recent years when Rome systematically set to work to re-write history, re-write encyclopedias, re-write school-books, and to even emasculate Protestant literature.

Thus it happens that in 1888, the Appleton Encyclopedia of Biography *does* mention Maria Monk as an impostor. A Romanist writer compiled that libel, and Romanist money no doubt paid for the space it occupies. Even the Encyclopedia Brittanica has knelt to Rome, *and a Jesuit has written thirty of the articles for the 11th edition of that deteriorating work.*

Probably Maria Monk will now figure in the Brittanica and of course she will appear as an impostor, whom Heaven destroyed, retributively, just as the 42 Jew boys were eaten, at one meal, by two little Palestine she-bears.

In making a reply to Walsh in *The Jeffersonian*, I stated that the Romanists waited for the death of all the witnesses, before they began to doctor the books, and to deny that there ever was a Maria Monk case. My statement brought forth two letters which show how nearly correct the Romanists were in presuming that Time had mowed down all of those who personally knew the unfortunate victim of the Black Nunnery.

The first is from G. Major Taber, of Los Angeles, California:

My Dear Editor: In your issue of March 9th, I notice that a Jesuit by the name of Walsh claims "There never was a Maria Monk case."

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will courteously allow me to have a friendly chat with the readers of The Jeffersonian, as I desire to present a few facts relating to the above, and being from a personal knowledge and observation, ought to settle the question as to the facts in the above case.

When a young man of eighteen, I travelled through nearly every city and village from Quebec to Ottawa as a Daguerrian artist for over three years, and have taken pictures of dead nuns in their convents.

In 1850 I resided for six months in a village opposite Montreal, where Maria Monk was born, and where her family lived, and I made special inquiry of an old Catholic

who had known her from childhood, if Maria Monk had told the truth in her book. His answer was: "There is no doubt about it."

I learned also that when the sewers of the "Hotel Dieu" nunnery were cleaned out, that scores of infant skulls and bones were discovered.

Not only that, but I learned that there was a change made in all of the rooms of the nunnery, in the attempt to disprove the description she had given in her book.

Now, gentle reader, I have no hesitation in claiming that, if this Jesuit Walsh asserts that the "Maria Monk case was a fabrication," he is either an ignoramus or a liar, as I know from personal knowledge from Catholics not long after, and during the year 1850, that she did not misrepresent the facts claimed in her book.

Allow me to state further that when in Montreal at one time I witnessed a long string of "Pietists" marching through the street, and because I failed to doff my hat, and bow my head when they passed, a Catholic police scoundrel rapped me on my head with his billy. That's Catholicism. How would you have liked such treatment?

In order for the readers of The Jeffersonian to learn what reliance they may have as to my reliability, allow me to state, with usual modesty, that, although a Northern man, I spend over three years in the employ of Uncle Sam, and five years as a resident of Decatur, Alabama. I purchased the first plantation sold to a Northern man after the war, in 1865, and raised cotton for three years. I know the Southern people well, and they were among my best friends.

While there I wrote articles for the Georgia Cultivator on the history and management of the honey bee. And, more than that, in November, 1777, my grandfather, Thomas Taber, married Hanna Davis, who resided in Vermont with her brother, Timothy Davis, and their cousin, Jefferson Davis, often visited them when a young man. I know to be true, as my oldest brother knew them well.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for my long article, for I realize that the efforts, in many respects, of the last three Presidents for poliical purposes, have catered to a class who are tools to an old "Petticoat" who dares not show himself outside a walled and well-guarded prison.

G. MAJOR TABER.

Los Angeles, Cal.

The second is from Captain W. M. Somerville, an old sailor who is now at the Snug Harbor, and whose name was furnished me by Dr. A. P. English, of Jacksonville, Florida:

Sailor's Snug Harbor, New Brighton,
Staten Island, N. Y., March 16, 1916.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Your communication of the 13th inst. duly received yesterday with enclosure, which I had already read. Dr. English, of Jacksonville, having sent it to me. I am afraid that the Doctor has led you to expect rather too much of me, and rather than dictate what I know of Maria Monk to a stenographer, I will just write it, and if you find anything in it that will be of use to you in this controversy you can have it typewritten and return it to me for attestation.

I married a lady in Montreal in 1862 who was born and brought up beside Maria Monk and her parents in LaPrairie, opposite Montreal, on the South side of the St. Lawrence. She never doubted the truth and correctness of Maria Monk's book. I have it in my home in Florida, and have had it for fifty years, but was always under the impression that it was written by Maria Monk herself. My wife died of yellow fever in Florida in 1888 or I would have consulted her and obtained more definite information of the Monk family. But as far as I recollect, she told me that they were English and Episcopalians, and were in connection with a regiment of British soldiers stationed at that time in LaPrairie.

I knew John Monk, a relative of Maria Monk, who had his office in Little St. James, North Montreal, and was the lawyer for my brother-in-law, C. McAdam, a bookseller of whom I purchased Maria Monk's book. I did not know anything of her daughter, Mrs. Eckel, nor of the last days of Maria Monk, nor of her death. Neither do I know anything of Col. W. L. Stone, nor of his visit to Montreal.

I remember seeing the underground vaults of the Hotel Dieu, on N. Hospice Street, when it was torn down to make room for a nice row of commercial buildings belonging to the nuns, which of course paid no taxes.

When I was sailing to Montreal we used to carry large carboys of vitriol which was said to have been for use by the nuns in destroying the bodies of those novices who refused to surrender their bodies to the lust of the visiting priests. We had to carry such carboys on deck.

I lived seven years in Montreal, and never heard Maria Monk's history questioned, far less denied.

During the summer months there was a woman who made regularly three trips a week to Quebec and brought up four babies in the clothes baskets for the Grey Nunnery, which also had an unlocked gate on McGill M. provided with a receptacle to receive babies from whomsoever might

place them in it. The receipt of such strange babies, of course, covered the well-known fact of those born to the nuns of the institution.

St. Piere Island, in the St. Lawrence, above the Victoria Bridge, belonged to the nuns, on which a large house popularly known as the Breeding Cage, where the nuns were sent for their confinement.

Consecrating the Womb of the Bride.—I can remember when a boy seventy years ago hearing a highlander from Inverness, Scotland, telling his comrades of having been at a Roman Catholic wedding in a hotel when the priest took the bride to a bedroom upstairs to consecrate her womb before he would perform the marriage ceremony; and when I lived in Ottawa, in 1860, I knew a lumberman who was wealthy, and was commonly reported in his neighborhood to have paid a large sum to the priest to allow him to have his bride to himself.

Yours faithfully,
W. M. SOMMERVILLE.

So much has been said by the Romanists to discredit Maria Monk's statements in regard to secret passages, secret chambers, and secret crimes in the Black Nunnery, that I will lay before you an exact description of the secret rooms of the Inquisition, near the Pope's palace, in Rome—not "the *Spanish* Inquisition", but the Italian. It is taken from Dr. Theodore Dwight's History of the Roman Republic of 1849, Chapter XII.:

The Opening of the Inquisition of Rome. —Feelings of the People on Entering it. The Edifice—Its History. Divisions.

The following account of it is translated from **"L'Italia del Popola,"** and was written by a distinguished writer, F. De Boni, an eye witness, of what he describes.

Near the Vatican Square, between the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of Sant Angelo, extends a street which bears a melancholy name: "Via della Inquisizione" —The Street of the Inquisition. There that tribunal resides, which makes the altar a stepping-stone to the prison.

In that street multitudes of people daily crowded in March and April of 1849, and passed through the spacious edifice to which it leads, uttering imprecations and maledictions as they returned, then silently dispersed to their homes, with indignation, fear and horror contending in their breasts. Sometimes a shout might be heard, a cry of **"Viva la Republica!"** and then a hundred voices would reply: for a **Viva** then expressed, to every heart, a malediction on the past and a hope of the future

Falsehoods and calumnies have been published respecting this subject. For the sake of truth, then, let us register, in the following pages, the memory of facts, which will afford assistance in tracing the picture of the Italian revolution. Being sure of triumph, we are not impatient. Let us for the present consign over our vengeance to history.

On the 4th of April, 1849, the government of the Republic, (that is, the Assembly and Executive power,) moved by a sentiment of justice and christian compassion, having established, on the ruins of the papal tyranny, the legitimate reign of brotherly equality, decreed that the houses of the Holy Office should become the habitations of poor families, who had only miserable dwellings, in unhealthy and confined quarters of Rome. And in order to teach, in a practical manner, that idleness leads to misery, and to cultivate a love of labor, self-respect and self-dependence, the government did not grant the apartments gratuitously, but required the payment of small sums, in amounts and ways within the reach of all, at the end of each month.

They intended thus to cancel, on a republican plan, the remains of ancient tyranny, by consecrating to beneficience what papal severity had devoted to torture.

Consequently the Holy Office, which for three centuries had been closed, **except to the victims of suspicion, and the martyrs of liberty and conscience, whom it buried in prison, or gave to the flames,** was thrown open to the people. Crowds entered it day after day, and were excited by the deepest emotions, at the terrible spectacle. Within these walls the people took their most solemn abjurations against the clerical orders, and repeated from their hearts the oath against the government of the priests. The people can reason clearly; and, in those religious prisons, they better understood the necessity of rejecting the, pastor who bears a sword instead of a crook, and more admired and loved the gentle doctrine of the Nazarene, while shuddering at the tortures inflicted in his name. By seeing the effects of the dominion of the clerical system, they understood the cruelty which had enforced the creed of the catholic primate in Italy. They saw his hand applying instruments of blood, guided by barbarous zeal, sacrilegious ambition and ignorance. The knowledge of the people is all in the heart. By calling to mind the past, in their imagination, they depicted the horrible

scenes which had occurred within those walls year after year; felt in their own hearts the agonies endured by men, who had disdained to sell their consciences for the price of their blood, although ignorant of their history and even of their names. With rage and imprecations, they made the circuit of those apartments, prisons and subterranean passages, which had heard so many groans, witnessed so many tears and sorrows swallowed up so many victims and been the mysterious centre of that universal religious despotism, which, with subtle chains, not yet destroyed, bound down all Europe, and in the latest centuries has sustained civil tyranny. The spectators perhaps sometimes, thinking they were dreaming, and feeling as if not secure, would look behind them, fearing to see a Father Inquisitor appear, and in revenge for their profanation, shut the door of those horrid prisons.

And what awful scenes did history bring up to the mind, to those who passed through those dismal halls!

From this place so near the Vatican, issued the orders for the slaughter of the Jews and the last Mussulmans in Spain. Within this building was decreed the murder of the Waldenses in the Guardia of Lombardy and the Subalpine Vallies; here Galileo was tortured, the imprisonment of Gianone was ordered, Pasquali was condemned to the flames, as well as Carnesecchi, Paleario and Giordano Bruno. Here were planned the murder of the Ugonotti and the horrors of Flanders. Here the censorship was organized, war was made against the printing press, a holy act was pronounced treason, and attempts were made to chain the mind. But that Prometheus has now broken its bonds, and the world is going on under its influence. From this place proceeded the mysterious orders which sent at once, to all parts of Europe, unarmed but formidable legions of men, towards the same object. Here was thrown out an immense net, which confined, in the same meshes the monarch and the peasant; which transformed the wife into the accuser of her husband, the son into the betrayer of his father. Here was, and will soon be again, the whispering gallery of all Europe. But how long shall it last?

He that enters this building, and is not utterly ignorant of history, must be moved with deep emotions, amidst the stench of putrid corpses, and cannot but take an oath for the cause of the people, while he thinks of the humane doctrines of Christ, who pardoned, while dying for his enemies. We will now endeavor to describe the edifices, as memory enables us, not as they formerly had been, but as they were when seen by the Roman people in the month of April, 1849.

The edifice of the Holy Roman Inquisition was erected in part about the middle of the sixteenth century, of simple and secure architecture, as much as was required by the times, when taste, preserving a trace of the dying popular greatness, was declining. The present remains of it do not show what the interior was in those times, when the imprisonment of Lutherans was demanded. It is presumed by some, that the edifice rests its walls upon a prison of Nero.

This great fabric may be divided into three parts, having the form of two rectangular buildings and a trapezium united. The first rectangular part, which fronts the street, originally belonged to a Cardinal; and Pius V. gave it to the Inquisition, who added a number of cells. It has little ornament on the front, and only two stories, each with a **loggiato**, or gallery, with columns of the Tuscan order, if my memory is correct. The second rectangular part, which is constructed in like manner, differs only in being of smaller dimensions and more simple. It had originally two stories and two galleries; the lower of which, in the former half of the seventeenth century, was shut in to make new prisons, the greater part of the subterranean cells probably being then abandoned. Perhaps at the same time another story was built, where new prisons were formed, the only ones which in our age have received prisoners, in this second rectangle. The remaining part, served, in all probability, for the family of the Holy Office, where no other persons could enter. This third part remained incomplete, wanting the left wing; and the right wing is not finished. A high wall extends transversely, to exclude from human view the horrid mysteries which, for three centuries, were performed in that populous tomb.

In the month of March, (1849,) the government of the Republic ordered accommodations for stables for the national artillery, and appropriated a part of the Inquisition, under the closed gallery of the second court. There the Father Inquisitor, a Dominican, resided, whom in the great fervor of disdain, no one offended. He offered no other resistance to the will of the government, but a protest; and he was allowed to protest. In order to obtain a place to stable the horses, a space was opened in the walls; when the workmen discovered an aperture. The ardent curiosity which had always, up to that time, surrounded every thing relating to the Holy Office, and the hatred against the government of the priests, suspended their labors. The rubbish was removed, they descended into a small subterranean place, damp, without light or passage out, with no floor but a blackish oleagenous

earth resembling that of a cemetery. Here and there scattered about pieces of garments, of ancient fashions—the clothes of unfortunate persons, who had been thrown down from above, and died of wounds, or hunger. A baiocco (or penny) of Plus 7th, was picked up, which probably denotes the epoch when that abode of darkness and despair was walled up. The rich soil had hardly begun to be removed, before human bones were uncovered in some places, with some very long locks of hair, which had doubtless ornamentea the heads of females. The hands trembled, as well as the hearts of those who went on to uncover and collect those funeral reliques. What temples had been shaded by those tresses? what opinions had been their crime? who had sent spies to sieze these victims? who can answer the questions? who will ever be able? Poor martyrs of ignorance and fanaticism, torn perhaps from the mother's arms, to be thrown into a cloister, and from the cloister into such a dungeon, without light or door; still young and beautiful! These locks of hair were dishevelled in their agonies of death, and there they expired, disconsolate, forgotten by the world, without a kiss from a friend, without receiving a sigh or a tear, or even a handful of dust upon their corpses.

Many of the spectators carried away pieces of the earth and hair, as amulets against the tyranny of the Pope. It is certain that the "Trap-door" swallowed victims of whom it was important to the Holy Office to destroy all traces, because the Foro, or Judgment-hall is over it, in the second story of the first edifice, and it is exactly under the vestibule of the chamber of the "Second Father Companion," which adjoined the Hall of the Tribunal.

The other modern prisons are contiguous to the last court, which has been converted into a garden. Each of those prisons is a very small cell, capable of containing only a single person, being in two stories and all alike. They are accessible from an exceedingly narrow corridor, like the cells of a convent. The walls of this passage are everywhere covered with pictures, and inscriptions commenting upon them, which intimate the horrid nature of the institution, and hold up to view the severest dogmas of the Catholic religion, not interpreted in a spirit of forgiveness. So well does the Court of Rome know how to confine pardon to heaven. At every step, and near every door, the solemn figure of Christ confronts you, not painted according to representations of the Gospel,—not as if affected more by sympathizing sorrow for men than for himself: but in correspondence with the system of the Inquisition, as if threatening from the cross. On every side are scripture passages and mottos, which sentence to eternal flames the hardened sinner. Yet the most tremendous inscriptions were erased after the flight of the Pope.

There, where the French government has placed the correctional prisoners, monks and friars had prisons in the Holy Office. The cells were furnished with beds; and there the greatest disorder and filth everywhere prevailed. Here and there were worn-out cushions, coverlets, chairs and tables, and old clothes of prisoners who died in the cells many years ago. In a certain very small cell were things which indicated horrible secrets: a piece of a woman's handkerchief, of large size, and an old bonnet of a girl about ten years old. Poor little child! What offence, perhaps unknown to you, could it have been, which threw you into the place and destroyed the innocent peace of your infantile years; which taught you to weep in the season of smiles, and perhaps deprived you of your dear and early life? In another cell were found four sandals, and several nuns' cords, a little spindle, caskets containing needles, crucifixes, and unfinished stockings, with the knitting-needles still well pointed, and an infant's coach.

And so, in almost every one of the prison-rooms were to be seen clothes, ornaments and other relics of their former occupants; and, as every thing was wrapt in deep and mournful mystery, the imaginations of the people re-called ancient tragical stories, and they wept over the misfortunes of persons of whose names they were ignorant.

The walls of all the cells were covered with inscriptions, some of which expressed despairing grief, but most of them resignation, even in that abode, and under the sufferings inflicted there, so well fitted to becloud the mind, to terrify the boldest heart and to bend the most iron-will.

Under the two courts subterranean apartments abounded, communicating with each other. A few only were solitary; and to those there was only one way of access, viz. a trap-door, which denoted **death!** Some of them were prisons at first, and afterwards converted into storerooms. To their ceilings were still fastened iron rings, which formerly served to give to the **Question,** (torture!) and afterwards to suspend provisions. In one cell on the ground-floor, in the second building, a square piece of marble was observed in the floor, which looked like the cover of a hole. It was raised, and beneath was a vault, which proved to be a **Vade in pace,** (go in peace—that is, a place of silent death.) Not a ray of light ever could have

entered, except when that funeral marble was lifted for a moment, and then it soon again fell, over the head of the condemned person, who was left to die of hunger, in the cold and darkness, and amidst a stillness unbroken unless by his own cries or prayers.

A portion of those subterraneous apartments were closed in the present century, or near the close of the last, as was plainly discovered by a careful examination of the walls, that had shut them in, which had been artificially colored with a grayish hue, to make them look old. This artifice was accidently discovered.

The rubbish having been removed in one place, indications of a stone staircase were observed, which was cleared, and persons went down thirty steps. At the bottom was found a small chamber, filled up with a mixture of earth and lime, and which proved to be but the first of many others like it. The prisons of Pope Pius V. were now at last discovered. Along the walls were recesses, hollowed out, so formed and arranged as to bring to mind the ancient Columbari, or dovecotes. There, it appeared, from what was observed, the condemned were buried alive, being immersed in a kind of mortar up to their necks. In some instances it was evident, they had died slowly and of hunger. This was inferred from the position of the bodies, which people, in great numbers had come to view this most horrible abode: and marks were seen in the earth of movements made in the conclusive agonies of the last moments, to free themselves from the tenacious mortar, while it was closing round their limbs. The bodies were placed in lines, opposite each other. The skulls were all gone; but these were afterwards found in another place.

APPENDIX A.

Theod. de Niem. Nemor Unionis. Labyrinthus Tract vi, c 34.

Nuper ad nostrum pervenit auditum, quod in partibus Frisiae XXII Monasteria Ordinis S. Benedictu Bremensis, Monasteriensis et Trajectensis dioeceseos consistunt, in quibus olim—tantummodo moniales dicti ordinis degebant, sed successu temporis contigit, quod in eisdem etiam mares ejusdem professionis in magno—numero qualitercunue cum—monialibus—degerent, prout degent ad proesens—in quibus (monasteriis) pene omnis religio et observentia dicti ordinis, ac Dei timor abscessit, libido et corruptio carnis interipsos mares et moniales, necnon alia multa mala, excessus et vitia, quae pudor est effari, per singula succreverunt—. Fornicantur etiam quam plures hujusmodi monialium cum eisdem suis praelatis monachis et conversis et iisdem monasteriis plures parturiunt filios et filias.—Filios atuem in monachos, et filias taliter conceptas quandoque in moniales dictorum monasteriorum recipi faciunt et procurant; et quod miserandum est, nonnullae ex hujusmondi monialibus materne pietatis oblitae, ac mala malis accumulando aliquos fœtus eorum mortificant, et infantes in lucem reditos trucidant * * * Insuper quasi singulre moniales hujusmodi sinqulis monachis et conversis * * * ad instar ancillarum seu uxorum * * * sternent lectos, lavant etiam eis capita et pannos * * * nec non decoquent ispsis cibaria delicata, ac die noctuque cum ipsis monachis et conversis in commessationibus et ebrietalibus creberrimt conservantur. Niem Basil. 1566.

(Nuns and Nunneries, p. 184.)

APPENDIX B.

Concilium Moguntiacense. X. Ut clericis interdicatur, mulieres in domo suo habere, omnimodis decernimus. Quamvis enim sacri canones quasdam personas fœminarum simul cum clericis in una domo habitare permittant; tamen, quod multum dolendum est, saepe audivimus, par illam consessionem plurima scelera esse commissa, ita ut quidam sacerdotum cum propriis soforibus concugbentes, filos ex eis generassent. Et idcirco constituit haec sancta sypodus, ut nullus presbyter ullam foemimum secum in domo propri permittat, quantenus occasio malde suspicionis vel facti lriqui penitus auteratur.

Sacrosanta Concilia Stud.
P. Labbei et G. Cossart. Venice 1728-32, Tom. XI, col. 586.

Catholicism and Freemasonry.

By Henry Planert, 32d Degree, Jacksonville, Florida

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST MONTH.)

In the early years of the last century when Napoleon invaded Spain he gave orders for the suppression of the Inquisition and of the monasteries. To Col. Lehmanowsky fell the lot of destroying the seat of the Inquisition at Madrid. When the place was taken by storm the invaders found in the underground dungeons scores of prisoners of both sexes and all ages, some of whom had but recently fallen into the clutches of the Inquisitors, others having been immured in their cells for years, their only crime that they had dared to think for themselves instead of surrendering mind and soul to the priesthood. Girls of fourteen and fifteen, men and women in their prime, grandfathers and grandmothers tottering on the edge of the grave, all alike came under the savage ban of the pope. Here too the invaders found the torture chamber, fitted with every diabolical instrument of torment that the fertile brains of the priests could devise, and it was the righteous irony of justice that impelled the soldiery to put the priestly inquisitors to death by the same instruments and in the same manner that they had themselves practiced on unnumbered victims.

Coming down to the present day we have only to look at some of the South American republics, as for instance Venezuela and Ecuador, and until the past few weeks Peru also, where the public exercise of any other form of worship save that of the Catholic is prohibited by the Romanized governments of those states, while in the Philippine Islands the Catholic faith was the only one allowed practiced until the time of the American accupation, less than twenty years ago. In view of the Catholic law as above quoted, and the Catholic practice above cited, and which exists even at the present day wherever the Roman hierarchy is supreme, can there be any doubt as to the fate of Protestantism in this or any other country if the Catholic church were in position to work its will?

Freemasonry has ever been at the forefront in the opposition to the union of church and state, and to the interference of religious organizations of any creed in political matters. How stands the Catholic church on this question? I quote again from the Syllabus of Errors:

"The State has NOT the right to exclude the pontiff and clergy from all dominion over temporal affairs. It has NOT the right of abolishing ecclesiastical courts for temporal causes, whether civil or criminal, to which the clergy are parties. It has NOT the right to define the rights of the church, nor to define the limits within which she is to exercise those rights. It has not the right to assert the supremacy of its own laws when they come in conflict with the ecclesiastical law. It has NOT the right to deny to the church the use of force, nor to deny to it the possession of either direct or indirect temporal power."

Let us briefly analyze these declarations. They mean that the pope claims for himself and his clergy dominion over all temporal affairs. That if a member of the clergy have civil litigation or is charged with a crime, he shall be tried only before a court composed of his ecclesiastical brethren and by the Catholic laws. That the church alone is qualified to define her rights and to fix the limits within which she may exercise them. That in case of conflict between civil and ecclesiastical law the law of the church must prevail. That the church has full right to employ whatever force may be necessary

in enforcing her decrees without interference on the part of the state. In other words, that the church is the supreme power in the land and that neither the state nor individuals possess any rights which she is bound to respect. Does the church assert these claims? In Jesuit ridden Ecuador for many years and up to 1876 the pope claimed and received 10 per cent of the entire revenue of the country, and when this was abolished a special tax of 3 per cent was allowed for the use of the Catholic church. In Peru the Roman clergy, as such, exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction to the present day. It was only within the last decade that marriage other than that celebrated by a priest was legal in many of these countries, and the Roman church still has sole dominion over divorce in most of them. For proof of this I refer you to any standard authority, as for instance the Catholic Encyclopedia and the Encyclopedia Brittanica, this last by the way is one of the works condemned by the Catholic church and which Catholics are forbidden to read.

In the Philippines up to the time of the American occupation clerical temporal rule was supreme. The report of the Taft commission gives a list of over twenty important offices which were always held by the priests and bishops and then adds:

"Besides the above there were other small things that devolved on the priests. It is easy to see from this that the priest was not only the spiritual guide, but that he was in every sense the municipal ruler. The archbishop and bishops formed part of what was known in Manila as the board of authorities. The duties of this board were principally to investigate matters of urgent moment, and in times of crisis to advise the governor-general. The archbishop and bishops constituted the section of the board on government and fomento. (Analagous to our Department bishops and provincials of the religious orders also formed a part of the council of administration, a body analagous to the Council of State of Spain or France, charged with advising the governor-general. The truth is the whole government of Spain in these islands rested on the friars. The friars, priests, and bishops, therefore, constituted a solid, powerful, permanent, well organized **political** force in these islands which **dominated politics.** The friars were exempt from trials for offenses, except the most heinous, in the ordinary civil courts of the islands under the Spanish rule, and were entitled to a hearing before an ecclesiastical court, and even in the excepted cases trials must first be had in the latter tribunals! The tenure of office of the friar curate was permanent. There was but little rotation of priests among the parishes. Once settled in a parish, a priest usually continued there until superannuation. The civil and military officers of Spain in the islands were here for not longer than four years, and more often for a less period. The stay of those officers who attempted to pursue a course at variance with that deemed wise by the orders **was invariably shortened by monastic influence."**

For three hundred years the church of Rome reigned supreme in these islands, its power only ceasing at the time of the American occupation, and the effects of its centuries of misrule and oppression are aptly summed up in the following, quoted from the Taft report:

"The chief ground of the deep feeling cherished against the friars by the Filipino people is to be found in the fact that the government of these islands under Spain was a government of the friars, and it cannot admit of contradiction that the autocratic power which each friar curate exercised over the people and civil officials of his parish gave them the most plausible grounds for belief that nothing of injustice, of cruelty, of oppression, of narrowing restraint of liberty was imposed on them for which the friar was not entirely responsible. His sacredotal functions were not in their eyes the important ones, except as they enabled him to clinch and make more complete his civil and political control."

In view of the principles laid down by the popes and cited the excerpts given, and in the face of the present day instances of the practical manner in which the church of Rome puts these principles into effect whenever and wherever the opportunities have permitted it is inconceivable how anyone who is informed in the premises can mistake the intent of the hierarchy, or can lend a credulous ear to the specious phrases and lying assertions

of the American cardinals and lesser clergy when they suavely state that the church has no desire or intention of meddling or interfering in political matters in this country! The threats made against the present administration by Catholics all over the country when the Carranza regime was given the official recognition of this government is of itself most convincing evidence that the Roman church is imbued with undying hatred and hostility toward any ruler who dares to pursue a policy to which the church is opposed.

Believing that education and enlightenment are among the most potent factors that inure to the happiness and welfare of humanity, Freemasonry has ever stood forth as the champion of the free public system, untramelled by sectarianism. What says the Catholic church on this point? I quote again from the Syllabus of Errors:

The State has NOT the right to exclude the church from the direction of public schools. It has NOT the right to inquire with the taking of monastic vows by either sex, or to fix any age limit at which it may be done. It has NOT the right to assist subjects who wish to abandon monasteries or convents. It has no right to abolish monasteries or convents. It has NOT the right to provide for the study of philosophy, moral science, or civil law save under the supervision of ecclaestical authority."

Here we see the pope assert the right of the church to not only conduct its own schools free from any supervision on the part of the State, but he boldly declares that the entire education of the young should be directed by the church and that it should be given exclusive control of public schools, he denies the "subjects" of the church who are confined in convents and other institutions of the church to leave, or to appeal to the civil authorities for protection of their natural rights, and declares that philosophy, the science of government, and civil law should be taught only under ecclesiastical supervision and direction! What wonder, in view of these ex cathedra utterances of the infallible pope, that his American subjects are so boldly persistent in their assaults on the public school system of this country, and are using every means in their power to undermine and destroy it.

"It will be a glorious day in this country when, under the laws, the school system will be shivered to pieces."—The Catholic Telegraph.

"The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell."—The Chicago Tablet. (Catholic.)

"The public school of this country is an imperfect and vicious system of education which undermines the religion of the youth."—Cardinal Gibbons.

"We must take part in the elections, move a solid mass in every state against the party pledged to sustain the integrity of the public schools."—Cardinal McClosky.

Do the Catholics carry out these principles? The eminent historian, Juan Antonio Llorente, one time secretary of the inquisition of the Spanish court and Canon of the Primatical church of Toledo, wrote thus in 1817:

"Since the Inquisition was established there has hardly been a man celebrated for his knowledge who has not been persecuted as a heretic, has been made to suffer every form of punishment, because he would not shamefully adopt scholastic opinions or erroneous system born in the ages of ignorance and barbarism."

Looking again at some of the South American countries before alluded to, and in which the education of the people has been exclusively controlled by the priests for centuries, we find that in Ecquador, for example, with a population of over one and one-half millions, there are primary school facilities for less than seventy thousand children, and that the average proportion of people in these countries who are entirely illiterate runs from 60 per cent. to 70 per cent. of the entire population. Referring to the report of the Taft commission on conditions in the Philippines I quote as follows:

"It is stated on good authority that when the Spaniards came to these islands several of the tribes could read and write in their own language. At the present

time, after the lapse of three hundred years of Spanisn domination, the bulk of the people cannot do so. The Spanish minister for the colonies, in a report made December 5, 1870, points out that, by the process of absorption, matters of education had become concentrated in the hands of the religious orders. He says:

'Wnile every acknowledgement should be made of their service in earlier times, their narrow, exclusively religious system of education, and their imperviousness to modern or external ideas and influences which every day becomes more and more evident, render secularization of instruction necessary.'"

Can any more scathing indictment of clerical control of schools be imagined than this report by a Catholic minister to a Catholic king? Can anything be more conclusive as to the disastrous results of committing the education of the young to the Catholic church? Let us read from the same report:

"The friar as a parish priest was usually the only man of intelligence and education who knew both the native dialect and the Spanish language in his parish. He was president of the board of statistics because he was the only person who had any education. From the beginning the schools were entirely under the supervision of the religious orders, who were disposed to emphasize secondary and higher education for a few of the pupils rather than to further and promote the primary education of the masses * * * It may be said that in the typical provincial schools at first a kind of religious primer was read in the native language, and that later a book on Christian doctrine was taught. The text books found in the schools were crude, and provided a large amount of religious instruction."

We do not have to surmise or guess at what would happen if the school system of this or any other country came under the exclusive control of the hierarchy, for what we have cited is absolute and irrefutable proof that the intent of the Roman church in educational matters is to keep the mass of the people in utter ignorance, teaching them only such a smattering of church doctrine as will enable the priest to control them through their superstitious fears, and reserving further learning for those only who are destined for places in the church organization that require some attainments in that line, for it is only a little over sixteen years since these conditions prevailed in the Philippines, and in the South American countries alluded to they obtain to the present day.

It will be stated, and with truthfulness, that in this country as well as in many countries in Europe, the Catholic seminaries, universities, and colleges are many of them on the highest plane, but the reason is not far to seek, nor does this disprove what we have just set forth. When Rome found that it was impossible to stem the tide of intellectual development, with that facility of adapting itself to conditions over which it had no control which is one of its marked characteristics, it entered the field with a well grounded hope that while yielding to the irresistable determination of the people to acquire intellectual enlightenment, it could so influence the plastic minds of the youths who were committed to its care that numbers of them, who would otherwise be lost to the church, would be brought into the fold; but from the time when the rising power of papacy overthrew the learning of ancient Greece and ancient Rome until the intellectual awakening that was initiated by the precursors of the Reformation, the masses of Europe were kept in as degrading ignorance by the church as have been those countries of the western world that have been kept under the heel of the hierarchy, and would have so continued until this day had they not emancipated themselves from the despotism of the vatican.

So long as the Masonic Craft was nothing more than a fraternity of operative workmen, a trade guide, it was not only free from persecution by the Catholic church, but was fostered and encouraged by it, for as practically all the architectural and building learning and skill was confined to the Craft, it was a necessity to the church in erecting those famous cathedrals and other structures whose beauty, magnificence and utility redowned so greatly to the glory of the church, gave such an air of permanency to its many establishments, and served so well to

impress the multitude with its dignity and grandeur. No sooner, however, had the necessity for the Craft as a trade guild ceased to exist and the Brethren turned their attention to the more laudible works of education and benevolence than Rome commenced to look upon it with suspicion, and when, in 1737, it came to the ears of Clement XII., the then reigning pope, that a Lodge at Leghorn was admitting to membership the Jew, the Protestant, and the Catholic, he sent thither the minions of the Inquisition to torture, burn and slay those who dared to teach the doctrines of brotherhood and toleration, and the following year, 1738, he issued the bull "In Eminenti," the first of a long series of papal fulminations directed against Freemasonry that have been continued by his successors to the present day. This bull, after vehemently condemning the Fraternity and commanding all Catholics, under pain of excommunication, to sever all connection with it, closes with these words:

"We will, moreover, and command, that as well bishops and superior prelates and other ordinaries of particular places, as the inquisitors of heretical pravity universally deputed, of what state, degree, condition, order, dignity, or pre-eminence whatsoever, to proceed and inquire, and coerce and restrain the same, as vehemently suspected of heresy, with condign punishment; for to them and each of them we hereby give and impart free power of proceeding, inquiring against, and of coercing and restraining with condign punishments the same transgressors, and of calling in, if it be necessary, the help of the secular arm."

We will best understand what is meant by "condign punishments" when we recall that a prominent French writer on Masonic subjects was burned at the stake in Rome by the orders of this pope but a short time after the promulgation of the bull above quoted from. From the issuance of this bull in 1738 down to the present time not less than a score of papal declarations directed specifically against Freemasonry have been launched against the Fraternity, the popes also including in the same condemnation such kindred societies as the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Sons of Temperance, etc., as well as the women's auxilliaries of these various orders, and denouncing the same curses on them, as will be seen by reading on pages 71 to 74 of Vol. XIV. of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Of the harmony of the various fulminations of the popes against Freemasonry a Jesuit writer of note, whose article is found on page 786, Vol. IX. of the same work, says:

"These pontifical utterances from the first to the last are in complete accord, the last reiterating the earlier with such developments as were called for by the growth of Freemasonry and other secret societies."

The tone of the allegations against Freemasonry are characteristic of the Catholic church, indicating as they do a determination to arouse the worst passions of the superstitious and ignorant following of the church against the Craft. These misrepresentations are not born of ignorance, for those in authority in the church have exceptional facilities for obtaining information to the minutest detail concerning any society they may wish to. But if the simple truth were told it would offer no appeal to their followers, misrepresentation therefore is, in their opinion, not only necessary but meritorious, the well known Jesuit maxim: "The end justifies the means," excusing every crime, even to that of murder, when committed in the interests of the church. To appreciate fully the hatred of the Catholic church for everything not Catholic let us read further from the letter Humanum Genus.

"The Human Race, after, by malice of the devil, it had departed from God, the Creator and Giver of Heavenly gifts, divided itself into two different and opposing parties, one of which assiduously combats for truth and virtue, the other for those things that are opposed to virtue and truth. The one is the Kingdom of God on earth—that is the Church of Jesus Christ—the other is the kingdom of Satan, in whose dominion are all that have followed the sad example of our first parents. In our days those who follow the evil one seem to conspire all together under the guidance and with the help of

that society of men spread all over and firmly established, which they call Freemasons. Not dissimulating their intentions, they vie in attacking the power of God, they openly and ostensibly strive to damage the Church. In such an impending crisis it is our duty to point out the danger, exhibit the adversaries, resist as much as we can their schemes and tricks, that the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, which we have received in trust, may not only remain intact but may continue to increase. If their sect does not openly require its members to throw away the Catholic faith, this tolerance, far from injuring the Masonic schemes, is useful to them. By opening their gates to persons of every creed they promote, in fact, the great modern error of religious indifference and of a parity of all worships, the best way to annihilate every religion, especially the Catholic, which BEING THE ONLY TRUE ONE, cannot be joined with others without enormous injustice!"

In view of all this and of the further well known fact that in all countries where Catholic Rome is supreme, Freemasonry is and always has been proscribed and its votaries subject to persecution even unto death, there is but one interpretation to place on the fulminations of the papacy against the Fraternity: they mean destruction to the Order, and, where it can be safely attempted, DEATH TO FREEMASONS!

And yet, in the face of all this, there are Lodge members, alleged Masons, who, for reasons best known to themselves, have wallowed in the slime of venal toadyism to Rome. As an instance I refer to a leaflet containing an extract from the Congressional record which was recently sent broadcast over the country under the frank of James A. Gallivan, congressman from Massachusetts, and a Knight of Columbus, the extract being a copy of a certificate of good character given to the Knights by four men from California, who, to the everlasting shame of Masonry, have their names on its rolls as members. This certificate purports to vindicate the Knights with reference to the fourth degree oath they were alleged to take. The "vindication" proves nothing except that the men who signed it have no scruples whatever in certifying to something, the truth of which they did not know and had no certain means of finding out. I quote the first paragraph of the certificate:

"We hereby certify that by the authority of the highest officer of the Knights of Columbus in the State of California, who acted under instructions from the supreme officer of the order in the United States, we were furnished with a complete copy of all the work, ceremonies, and pledges used by the order, and that we carefully read, discussed, and examined the same."

What evidence had these four men that the papers laid before them were what they purported to be? Not one iota. Bearing in mind that the Catholics are taught that it is an act of merit to lie for the interests of the church, that the Knights of Columbus is a militant organization under the special care of the Jesuits and the pope which they expect to be a potential factor in making America Catholic, that they realized the intense feeling stirred against them in all parts of the country through the wide circulation of the alleged fourth degree obligation, that the order IS a secret oath bound organization whose membership is restricted to Catholics in good standing in the church, is it reasonable to suppose that they would submit their secret rituals to outside parties under any consideration, or that, on the other hand they would hesitate to avail themselves of so fair an opportunity to secure a "vindication" as was offered by the venal pliancy of those four renegades, by palming off a fake ritual There is no organization under the sun that has been the object of more vicious assaults than the Masonic Fraternity. The category of crimes has been exhausted in furnishing accusations against them, they have been accused of taking obligations that bound them to the devil, the Catholic church today assert that the Masonic Craft is ruled over by Satan himself as its recognized Grand Master; but who ever heard of a Freemason offering to betray his Order to refute these accusations. A member of any secret organization who would make such an offer, by the offer

proves himself a liar, and the man who would believe him shows himself a fool. or superstition, but whenever any organization, of any character whatsoever, by its laws, precepts, and commands, incites its membership to disloyalty and treason, and shows by its teachings and practices that there are no rights of humanity which it feels itself bound to respect, then we as Masons are derelict in our duties if we fail to assume the offensive in behalf of human rights and human freedom. Brethren! the day is past when Masonry can afford to lie inert and useless in the campaign of enlightenment that is being waged all over the world! If we would be true to our principles, if we have regard for our obligations to humanity, if our boasted exponentcy of liberty, equality, fraternity, and toleration is not to become a jest and a byword of scorn, we must bear our banners to the forefront of the conflict and wage unceasing warfare against that system of superstition, intolerance, cruelty, despotism and bigotry that has been the blight of every people and the ruin of every country it has dominated since it became a factor in the politics of nations. To quote the words of that grand exponent of Masonry, James D. Richardson,

"We have a right to summon, not only every Scottish Rite Mason, but every Protestant in religion, every true patriot and lover of his country, whether the subject of a monarchy or the citizen of a republic, and who places the Constitution, written or unwritten, and the laws of their country above the paramount to the dogmatic and sometimes cruel and bloody edicts and bulls of papacy, to resist to the uttermost the aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic Church."

Peace? There is no peace! Each breeze that sweeps across the ocean bears the sound of ceaseless toil as the artisans of the Vatican labor to forge the nets in which they hope to enmesh the sons of men, and if we allow ourselves to be deceived into a false security by the specimous phrases and lying tongues of those whose interests demand that we be deceived, we will awake when it is TOO LATE, to find ourselves delivered bound and helpless at the feet of the Harlot of Tiber. Slaves! Base, ignoble slaves! Slaves to a horde of petty tyrants, strong only because of our abject weakness, bold only because we are contemptibly craven, great only in that strange spell —a name. Shall we, because this political hydra-headed monster endeavors to screen its purposes behind a mask of religion and calls itself a church, allow our tongues to be frightened into silence, our arms to be paralized by fear? Would we preserve to ourselves and transmit unimpaired to our posterity those rights and that freedom bequeathed us by our forefathers, we must, to paraphrase the words put by the poet into the mouth of Bozzaris, the Grecian hero:

Strike! 'till the power of Rome expires!
Strike! for our altars and our fires!
Strike! for our freedom, schools, and spires!
God and our native land!

Education and enlightenment are the foes that Rome most dreads, and those are the weapons we must use to acquaint ourselves and our fellow men with the true nature of the conditions that confront us, and at the ballot box we must exercise our sovereign rights by placing no man in office who is not first, last, and all the time a true patriot and a loyal American.

Hovering over the land like a black and baleful cloud, slowly creeping, but ever drawing nearer and spreading wider, is the shadow of the Tiara, threatening to obscure the light of knowledge, while the tentacles of this octopus are ever reaching out striving to grasp and throttle the liberties of the people, and this menace will not cease until the power of Rome is forever crushed, and we stand together an united people on the broad platform of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Universal Toleration, under the sheltering Aegis of the Stars and Stripes of our glorious Republic.

THE WOMAN OF BABYLON

Joseph Hocking

CHAPTER VI.

"A Jesuit is a Diplomatist Always."

Walter Raymond walked rapidly. He wanted to get away from the streets to a place where the air was freer and more open. He had forgotten that his friend Harrington might call that night. His wife's words had given him so much food for thought that he was able to think of but little else. Somehow he felt as though his conversation with his wife, followed by the hour he had spent with his children, had introduced him into two different worlds. He felt that the world in which his wife lived was artificial, morbid, unhealthy; while that of the children was sweet, and pure, and natural. Even as he walked through the noisy streets he heard their voices. "Good-night, dad. God bless you." In spite of himself, the simple prayer made his heart light. He did not call himself a religious man in the orthodox sense of the word; nevertheless, he had the consciousness that the prayers of these pure, happy children in some way reached the Great Loving Heart of all things.

"And these children must be baptised by some priest fellow to save them from hell!" he said to himself.

He felt himself angry at the thought. The suggestion of such a thing was blasphemy. Did not Jesus tell His disciples that unless they were converted and became as little children they could not enter the Kingdom of Heaven?

Presently he reached Clapham Common. Here the air was purer, sweeter. He was able to breathe more freely. Summer had now gone, and the leaves had become brown, but in spite of this the night was beautiful; the moon sailed among the silver clouds which hung overhead, the stars bedecked the sky, and the wind coming from the sweet country which lay southward made it a gladness to live. For more than an hour he paced the Common, thinking of what his wife had said. After all, she had deceived him by telling him that no one of note had called. He felt sure the priest had been at the house, and put these thoughts in her mind, and that as a consequence they were no longer the same to one another.

"I see the whole thing," he said to himself. "Brandon has unsettled Lucy's mind. He has made her feel that we ought to be remarried, and that the children should be re-baptised. Pool little Lucy! Well, and why shouldn't I consent, after all? As she says, it means nothing to me, and it means everything to her. It's the line of least resistance. She'll make my life a continuous misery by constantly appealing to me in one form or another. Hadn't I better

let her have her way? It can't do any harm, it can't do the children any harm, while it will make her supremely happy. After all, a woman is a woman, and she can't be judged according to the standard by which a man is judged."

For a moment he felt like yielding. He was very fond of his wife, and he loved peace. He wanted his home to be happy, and he wanted his wife's life to be full of joy. Well, why could not these things be? The old days of poverty were at an end—at least, so it seemed. Work which he did not expect came to him; his prospects were brightening on every hand, and, although his means were still straightened, he felt sure that within a year or two he would be in affluent circumstances. If the future turned out as it promised just now, he would be able to take a house a few miles out in the country, a house with a good garden, and the green fields stretching around him. This was the dream he had been cherishing for years. Things had wonderfully changed with him even during six months, and there seemed no reason why they should not continue to improve. He thought of a house situated at Dorking, or Sevenoaks, or Epping Forest, or Hadley Woods. He pictured his children romping in a big garden, and of his picking flowers with them in country lanes. What if his wife did continue to insist on re-marriage? What if the children were baptised into the Roman Church? It mattered nothing. They could all continue to be happy. He should only consent for the sake of peace and quietness, and then, with bettered circumstances, life might be very happy.

But, although this side of the question appealed to him strongly, he could not make up his mind to do what his wife asked. There was something morbid, something repellent, in the whole procedure. He thought of his children, whose prayers he had just heard, and he remembered the question his boy Walter had asked:

"What does mother mean about the Virgin Mary and the saints? Last night she made us say a lot of funny stuff."

It was only a child's way of expressing himself, but it affected the father. Would he like his children's minds filled with all these stories about the Virgin Mary and the saints? Besides, it meant more than this. Once baptised into the Church, he would have to consent to their being reared as Catholics. The whole thing jarred on his nerves. When he had on one or two occasions gone to the church where Father Brandon officiated the whole service seemed to be tawdry and poor. His quiet, strong nature revolted against it; his intelligence laughed at it. And then there was the deeper objection. Was it not wrong, even for the sake of peace, to consent to a thing against which all that was best in him revolted? In a sense, he would be acting a lie, and Walter Raymond was a lover of truth. It is true he had had little to do with the Church since he was a boy; perhaps his father's hardness was largely responsible for this. All the same, his father had taught him to despise lies of any sort. Doubtless the old man was possessed of a worldly spirit, but he was strong in his integrity. Besides, his mother, whom he still remembered, was a fine, good woman, and taught him a simple faith in a loving, just God—taught him the beauty of an upright, pure life. He was not aware that he had any prejudice against those who

held the Romanist faith; nevertheless, he felt that he should be a coward if he took the step his wife desired.

Still, he would think about it. He would allow the thought to simmer in his mind for a week or two; meanwhile, he would continue to be kind and thoughtful towards his wife.

Presently he found his way back to his house again. It was not yet late, being scarcely ten o'clock, and he wondered whether Harrington had called to see him. When he opened the door he found that the house was perfectly quiet.

"I expect Lucy has gone to bed," thought Walter. "Well, I'll have a pipe, and then I'll turn in as well. But what's that? Surely I smell tobacco smoke."

He opened the little dining-room door, and saw the young man of whom he had been thinking sitting alone.

"Ned!" cried Walter. "Well, I am pleased to see you. I was wondering whether you might not call to-night."

"Yes," replied Harrington, "I called about half an hour ago. Mrs. Raymond said she expected you in every minute, and then excused herself on the plea of a bad headache. However, I thought I'd wait."

"I am glad you have waited, Ned," cried Walter. He was ten or twelve years older than Harrington, but they had become very friendly, and called each other by their Christian names. "I suppose you've been busy."

"Yes, I've had a great deal of work—work which has called me away in the country. Walter, I've been down to your old home. I've met your father."

Walter looked at his friend eagerly.

"Yes," he said. "How does he look?"

"Oh, he's a hale, strong man. He looks wonderfully well and vigorous."

"I'm glad of that," said Walter quietly. He lapsed into silence for a minute or two. "I've not heard anything about him for years," he went on presently. "I wrote to him several times, but he returned my letters, so I concluded he had shut me out of his heart and life. I would gladly have made further overtures, but I thought it was useless. Besides——"

"Besides what?" said Harrington, when he saw the other hesitate.

"I've never said anything about it to anyone else," said Walter, "but I was told that he said insulting things about my wife. A man can't help having some pride," he added.

"Just so."

"Did you talk with him, Ned?"

"Oh, yes, a good deal. Of course, you know he's a very rich man?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I hope his money brings him happiness."

"I have my doubts about that. Besides, perhaps he's not as hard as you think. He struck me as a very just, upright man. I find, too, that he gives away a great deal of money, anonymously."

"Indeed."

"I mentioned you to him."

Again Walter looked up eagerly, almost yearningly.

"Yes, I told him that I knew you. It came about in a very natural way. After I was introduced to him I took the opportunity of telling him that I knew a lawyer by the name of Walter Raymond. He closed his lips with a snap as I said this, and drew himself up in a very frigid manner, but I took no notice of this. I went on to say that you were the solicitor in an affair which I imagined would become important in the annals of lawsuits, and that you had briefed me. I think that softened him somewhat, although he said nothing. I then told him that your practice was steadily growing, and that you were becoming much respected in the best sense of the word."

"Thank you, Ned," said Walter. "Of course, I could not tell him that myself, but I am afraid you over-coloured the picture."

"Not a bit of it. I said I had visited your house, and I described your children. I grew quite enthusiastic about Joyce who is away at school, and I told him that she was a beautiful girl between eighteen and nineteen."

"Did you tell him the kind of school to which she had gone?" asked Walter.

"No; I did not think of it. Besides, if I had told him, it would have done no good. I find that, like myself, he is a very strong Protestant."

"Yes," said Walter, with a smile, "he hates every form of priestcraft. By the way, Ned, do you know that my wife has been received into the Roman Church?"

"No; I did not know that. Is it so?"

"Yes."

"How long ago?"

"Oh, quite lately."

Ned Harrington was silent for a time.

"I am afraid I cannot congratulate either her or you," he said, "although I cannot say I am altogether surprised."

"No?"

"You see, I was here once or twice when that man Brandon called. I saw what he was aiming at. At the same time, it has come sooner than I expected. I suppose——"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing; it's no affair of mine."

"Yes, it is. You are one of my very few friends in this world. Tell me what you were going to say."

"That's unlike you to be so curious, Walter."

"Yes, perhaps so; but I think this business has upset me more than I thought it would. Tell me."

"Well, to be candid, I am afraid I see trouble ahead."

Walter Raymond did not answer for a time. "Tell me more about my father," he said at length.

"There's very little to tell," replied Harrington. "He's very rich, and greatly esteemed. But I am told that he never mentions your name."

Walter sighed.

"All the same, I am sure he thinks kindly of you."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because, in spite of himself, he could not help showing his interest when I spoke about you. He did not say a word, but he listened like a dog."

"Poor old father!" said Walter. "I should like to see him again. I should like to know he'd forgiven me."

"I am afraid you never will."

"Why?"

"When he knows your wife has become a Romanist he will be more opposed to you than ever. That is, unless you dissociate yourself from her and her doings."

"Of course, that's impossible," said Walter, quietly.

"Of course," said Harrington. "But be sure of one thing, Walter; that man Brandon knows all about your early history."

"Why do you think so?"

"He's a Jesuit."

"Well, what then?"

"A Jesuit is a diplomatist—always. He loves to live in the world of intrigue and mystery. His training makes him."

"Nonsense, Ned. Do you know, I think you are faddy on this point? Your hatred of priestcraft has become a kind of disease with you, and you can't judge them fairly."

"I don't think so; but, even if what you say is true, there is but little wonder."

"Why?"

"I have a brother who is a Jesuit priest."

"What?"

"Yes. I have never told you, have I? He was an impressionable boy—very imaginative, and impressed by the mysterious. Hurrell Froude over again. Well, they got hold of him; he has been under their influence for eight years—first as a novice, then as one who took the vows. Three weeks ago I saw him. He's learnt their lessons."

"Tell me," said Walter eagerly.

"He is two years my senior; thus as a boy I looked up to him. He was as transparent as a running brook, as easy to read as a child's school book. As a youth he was quite an expert in legendary lore. He might have been a poet."

"Well?"

"It's all gone. He's no longer frank and transparent. He tries to appear so, but you can see the effort. He boasts of his frankness and outspokenness, while all the time you know he has something at the back of his mind which he's trying to hide from you. I tell you, I am as certain as that I am sitting here that Brandon knows all about your early years, all about your father, all about his property—aye, and all there is to know about your wife's family."

"Well, let him. It can do me no harm."

"It seems mean, I know."

"What seems mean?"

"This talking about your wife's spiritual adviser and confessor; but you don't mind a word of advice, do you?"

"Of course not; but what do you wish to say?"

"Well, be careful with Brandon. Yield to him in nothing."

"I'm not likely to."

"That's right. Only he'll be sure to want your children to be reared in his faith. He'll want to convert you."

Walter laughed; then he became quiet for a minute.

"Do you know, Harrington," he said presently, "I am not quite easy in my mind about Joyce?"

"Anything the matter?"

"Not that I know of. Only—well, you see, I haven't seen her for eight months. As you know, she's at a convent school, and, although it was guaranteed that there should be no religious bias in the teaching, my wife's conversion has made me afraid for her."

"You told me you did not much trouble about that sort of thing when you sent her," remarked Harrington.

"No, I didn't. Not having given the matter much thought, I didn't see that it mattered greatly what religion she adopted. You see, my father's treatment did not cause me to be enamoured with Protestantism, and I knew several decent people who were Catholics."

"Just so. Have your ideas changed?"

"I hardly know. All the same, I don't like the thought of my Joyce becoming one of them."

Harrington was silent.

"You see," went on Walter, "she's bound to be influenced by the step her mother has taken."

"Well, take her away."

"I can't, and that's the positive truth. As you know, my prospects are improving, but even yet money is scarce, while that school is cheap. I've been thinking it all over, and I can't see my way to sending her to a good English school."

"You may after Christmas. If we win this case, it will go a good way towards making both our fortunes."

From this time they drifted into talking about the *pros* and *cons* of the great trial which was soon to come off.

The next evening Mrs. Raymond pleaded with Walter to allow Father Brandon to baptise their children into the Catholic Church; but he refused to give his consent, and, try as she might, his wife could not shake him in his decision.

"All I can promise to do at present is to think it over," he said.

"But when will you decide?"

"I don't know."

"But meanwhile the children's souls are in peril."

"Nonsense," said Walter with a laugh.

When Mrs. Raymond told Father Brandon what he had said the priest looked grave.

"You do not know Walter, Father Brandon," she said. "I know he is a kind and indulgent husband; but he is not a man to be forced to do anything. Besides, if he takes this attitude about the children, what hope can I have that he will yield in the other matter?"

"We must never give up," said the priest. "Remember, my daughter, the children must be saved and your husband's conversion must be brought about. We must be prepared to be vigilant, prayerful, and self-sacrificing."

"Yes, I will do anything," said Mrs. Raymond.

A week passed away, and still Walter remained obdurate.

"It must be done, after all," said Father Brandon, and, accordingly, he sat down and wrote a letter to Father Anthony Ritzoom, Convent of St. Joseph of Ariathæa, Dublin. It was a long letter,

and it occasioned Father Brandon much anxious thought. When he had finished it he heaved a sigh, half of relief, half of disappointment.

"It will take a great burden from me," he said, "for Ritzoom can succeed where nearly every other man would fail; but I should have liked to have carried this thing through myself."

Three days later he received a letter with a Dublin postmark.

"I will be with you as soon as possible," he read; "meanwhile, do nothing.

"(Signed) A. RITZOOM."

CHAPTER VII.

The Coming of Father Ritzoom.

Three weeks passed away, and still Ritzoom did not make his appearance. Father Brandon tried to discover the reasons for this, but failed to do so. Ritzoom was noted for prompt action; and, while oft-times brusque, almost to the point of rudeness, to members of his Order, he had the reputation of eagerly taking up cases of a delicate nature, especially if there was a possibility that his Church could be advanced.

"Three weeks, and never so much as a further line," thought Brandon. "Meanwhile I seem to be making no headway whatever. How can I, when he has told me to do nothing?"

In spite of this exhortation, however, Father Brandon had not been idle. He had set himself the task of persuading Raymond's children to be ready to be received into the Roman Church. This work he did, not ostensibly, but quietly and unobtrusively. He had persuaded Mrs. Raymond that it was their duty to do this without their father's knowledge.

"You see," he said, "it is evident that the children were never really baptised, and we must have no stone unturned to save them from the peril in which they now stand."

"But if my husband——"

"Mr. Raymond is not your spiritual adviser," interrupted the priest, "and, if their souls cannot be saved with his consent, they must be saved without it. There is no need that he should know, and if they are wisely treated they will not tell him of the influences which are at work."

"But he is becoming suspicious."

"Then we must allay his suspicions."

"How?"

"Easily enough. One thing, however, you must manage. You must not give him the opportunity of hearing them say their prayers at night."

"That will be easy. He has become so engrossed in his great

lawsuit that he never gets home until very late, and when he does get home he is very tired."

"All the better for our purposes."

"But on Sundays he takes them out for a walk."

"Leave that to me. If I can be with them an hour or so each day, you need not fear that they will tell him anything."

"But I tell you he will never consent to their being baptised and received into the Church."

"The great thing is that they be baptised into the Church," replied Brandon. "When that is done, all will be well. You must help me in this."

"I am sure I do all I can. I am constantly telling them what a good man you are, and that, being a member of the one true Church, God has given you special power. I have told them also that it is their duty to obey you in everything."

"And does Mr. Raymond seek to counteract your influence?"

"To do him justice, he has always made the children respect my word. Even when I have been in the wrong, he has maintained my authority. Moreover, he does not believe in prying into the secrets even of children. He says that if we are to get the best from our children, we must always trust to their honour."

The priest smiled as though he were pleased.

"Does he ask you about my visits?" he asked presently.

"Never. He never mentions your name unless I introduce it. He asks me if I have had visitors, and if I say 'No' he says nothing more."

"This is all in our favor, my child. I think we shall find it our duty to receive the children into the Church without his consent. It would be better to obtain it, but if we do not, then at all hazards we must care for their souls."

"Oh, but I am fearful what he will say when he finds out the truth."

"You need not fear. Probably soon his own views may alter, then all will be easy. But even if they do not, you need not be afraid; you are now a child of the Church, and will have the Church's protection."

Mrs. Raymond sighed. The thought of plotting against her husband was terrible to her. She remembered how in the days of old she never had a secret from him, and no shadow of any sort stood between them. Now, on the other hand, there were many things which she strove to hide from him. She did not tell him of the priest's constant visits, nor of the influence he was exercising on the children's minds.

There was also another matter concerning which she troubled greatly. This was about Joyce. She was told that a letter would shortly arrive from her, stating that she wished to spend the Christmas holidays with a school friend in France. A letter would also come from the parents of this friend urging the visit. Father Brandon had mentioned this on more than one occasion, and this letter was now expected daily.

"I doubt if Walter will consent," said Mrs. Raymond. "He is just longing to see her, and, for that matter, so am I."

"But if it is good for the child's soul that she stay away a little

longer?" said the priest. "You will not stand in the way of her conversion; indeed, you must not."

"No; I quite realise that," she replied, "and I will do all in my power. But I shall do harm rather than good. He is always talking about Joyce's homecoming, and if I were to favour her spending Christmas in France I am sure he would oppose me."

"Then you must not favour it."

"What do you mean?"

"You must not favour it. You must rather say that you do not like the idea of her going with these French Protestants, who are sure to be opposed to the Church. By that means you will reconcile him to her going."

"But are they real Protestants, Father Brandon?"

"They come of an old Huguenot family," replied the priest. "The father of Gertrude de Villiers is certainly not a Catholic.

Mrs. Raymond glanced up timidly at him, and sighed. She was getting accustomed to his manner of speech.

"So, you see, your course will be perfectly easy," went on the priest. "Meanwhile, you must use your influence, wisely and quietly, to bring the baptism of your younger children."

Although Mrs. Raymond's heart was sad, she bowed her head in acquiescence. She felt that to save her children's souls she would do anything.

As for Father Brandon, he was, in spite of the success which had attended his efforts, growing impatient. After all there was more in the question of the conversion of the Raymond family than the conversion of their souls; there was the reconciliation of the son with the father, which meant a vast sum of money.

"That money should come to the Church," he mused as he wended his way to the house. "It would be glorious if all these hundreds of thousands of pounds which old Raymond, the hater of priestcraft, has amassed, should come into our hands. But I do not see how this can be. Raymond is not an easy man to deal with. These quiet men never are—well, easy to manage. No, Ritzoom is the only man who can do it, and it is now three weeks since I received his letter. Why on earth does he not come?"

He opened the door with a latch-key, and let himself into the house.

"I'll write again," he said; "I'll send a letter this very night."

Whereupon he opened his study door, and then started back aghast.

"You see, there is no need for you to write again."

"But how did you know I meant to write?"

"I know you, Brandon. I knew you as a novice, and I can measure to a nicety the length to which your patience will go and the steps you are likely to take. Besides, I am a believer in mental telepathy."

By this time the two men were grasping each other's hand; Father Brandon, somewhat nervous and excited by his visitor's presence and words, the other impassive, sardonic, grim. Instinctively Brandon felt himself in the presence of a stronger man than himself —a man, self-contained, mysterious, possessing a hundred secrets, the framer of so many far-reaching plans.

Years have passed since some of my readers were first introduced to Father Ritzoom, the famous Jesuit, but there is but little need to give a fresh description. The man who stood before Father Brandon was scarcely different from the man as we saw him first. It is true his hair had grown slightly grey and the lines on his face had somewhat deepened, but that was all; it was just as difficult to tell his age as ever—he might be a man of sixty or he might be only forty. When his face was in repose, it would be easy to think of him as one who had passed his threescore years; but when he became a man of action, when his eyes gleamed with interest, and when he saw work of a difficult and delicate nature to be done, he could easily pass for forty or forty-five, a man in the prime of life, full of vitality and energy. He still carried himself erect, his broad, square shoulders and deep chest still revealing great strength and power of endurance. He still impressed you with his air of mystery, as one who delighted to deal in secret things; but, more than all, the square jaw and black eyes told of indomitable will, told of a man who could never be beaten. Even in the hour of defeat he pondered over plans for a fresh attack, and when another man would have give up a scheme as impossible Father Ritzoom worked quietly but determinedly to obtain the ends upon which he had set his mind.

It was impossible not to be impressed by his evident strength. It was just as impossible to love him. Even those who admired him most had no affection for him. On every hand he was regarded as a faithful servant of the Church to which he belonged, and to the Order in which his influence was enormous. It was believed, and perhaps the belief was justified, that he would suffer even unto death to advance the interests of his faith; and yet those who knew him best thought of him as one who regarded the Roman Church as a great machine, a mighty and far-reaching political and social institution, rather than the spiritual home of those who sinned and repented.

By years of steady service he had lifted himself high in the councils of the Jesuit Order. Although he occupied no great official position, he was master of those who did. Some said that the General of the Order was afraid of Ritzoom, for all knew that, although his name was not known as a great official, it was because of his own desires, and because his influence was greater as a seeming private in the ranks of the great army. For Father Ritzoom was a strange compound. He was a cruel enemy, and yet he even had a kind of affection for a man who was a foeman worthy of his steel. He swept aside everything that stood in the way of fulfilling his desires, and yet, the more skilful and the more dangerous his opponent, the more kindly did he feel towards him. Besides, all this, there was no ordinary selfishness in what he did. He worked for his Order and his Church, and cared nothing for worldly considerations. Money in itself had no attractions for him, and yet he rejoiced to sweep the wealth into the coffers of his Church. His selfishness lay in his desire to increase his own power, to accomplish the thing he had set out to do. He loved, moreover, to work in secret, to guide the factors in some far-reaching plan, to pull the hidden springs of some complicated machinery. Moreover, he demanded freedom of action. There is no institution or society in the

world more hedged about by rules than the Society of Jesus. Men are but pawns on a great chessboard. Individuals are sent hither and thither without apparent meaning or purpose; they know not why, they dare not ask. But this did not apply to Ritzoom. It was he who sat at the table and played the game: his was the mind behind, and thus, although others were technically far higher in the councils of the Order than he, it was he who in reality ruled them.

In short, he was a Jesuit by education, by desire, and by fitness. Long years of training had made him one of the most powerful men in his Order. Whenever he was approached that he might be persuaded ostensibly to guide the wheels of the Order he would shake his head, as if to say, "I could not do what I do now if I did. I should have to concern myself in a thousand things in which I have no interest. As I am, I can choose and select. I can interest myself only in those things which promise great results."

When he had first received Father Brandon't letter he did not feel disposed to take any interest in it, but when he saw its difficulties, and when he saw that with careful management the vast fortune of old Walter Raymond might be made to come into the service of the Church, he altered his mind. That was why he wrote the letter to Brandon telling him that he might expect him.

"I expected you at least a fortnight ago," said Brandon presently.

"I daresay." Father Ritzoom took a cigar from his case and lighted it deliberately.

He was dressed in the garb of an ordinary layman. There was not the slightest suggestion of the cleric in his appearance. He might have been a barrister, or he might have been a political refugee—anything but a priest. Not a muscle in his face moved, not the slightest interest did he show in the younger man, who looked at him steadily and inquiringly. He might have been thinking deeply, or he might have been enjoying his cigar in lazy content; it is impossible to tell.

But now that his face was in repose he looked older. His skin was sallow, the lines on his cheeks deepened.

"I wonder what he's thinking about?" thought the other. "He's as deep as the Pacific Ocean, but he does look old and careworn. Are you well, Ritzoom?" said Brandon presently.

"I never have anything the matter with me," was the reply.

"I thought you looked disconsolate."

Ritzoom sighed; for a moment he seemed to forget himself.

"There is nothing the matter, is there? I have heard of wonderful things about you. Only last week I heard that you had converted a Protestant countess."

Ritzoom laughed scornfully.

"Is it not true?"

"Oh, yes, it's true enough."

"I hear, too, that a number of important people have been led through you to lean toward the Church."

"Yes, yes—but what does it all amount to?"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! It's easy enough to persuade a lot of *blase*, overfed women, who have tried every form of amusement under heaven, to take

a turn at being religious. It provides a new sensation for them, and it looks well in the newspapers. Very likely they'll have forgotten all about it in six months."

"Something has surely upset you."

"Upset me! My dear fellow, we always diligently announce all converts; we don't announce those who lapse, and yet the number of the latter is far greater than the former."

"You cannot mean that."

"I am sure of it."

Again Father Ritzoom became silent.

Brandon was eager to introduce the subject of Ritzoom's visit; but he dared not. Something in the older priest's face forbade him.

"Surely our work of converting England goes on satisfactorily?" he said presently.

"Nonsense."

"Then are the reports in our papers all lies?"

"Oh, no, they are mainly true; but then they tell only one side of the truth."

"What side?"

"They don't tell of the thousands who come from other countries who cease to be Catholics the moment they set foot on this cursed island. They don't tell how these same one-time Catholics who come imbued with the spirit of Protestantism. They don't tell how, in spite of the tremendous number of Catholics who come into this country, the percentage of Catholics is less per thousand of the population than it was twenty years ago. Converts! Oh, yes, I know them! Catholics one week, Christian Scientists the next, Heaven knows what the week after! And what are they? Women—mainly women on the look-out for a new sensation. But the conversion of the country! The bowing of the neck, as Manning puts it, of an imperial race! There's our weakness."

"But see how converts and monasteries have increased."

"Yes—monks and nuns who have been expelled from Catholic countries. The Englishman is a tolerant animal, and gives a home to all the world. But that is not converting the country."

"But these monks and nuns are bound to influence the neighbourhoods in which they reside."

"Are they? I wish I could see it. Your stupid Englishman shrugs his shoulders and passes on. He goes, perhaps, to a popular Catholic church, pays his shilling to hear the singing, and then says it's a poor show for the money. As for seeing the greatness of our ideals, the majesty of the Church, your Englishman is blind to it. And your Englishman is a fool."

Why are you stying that now?"

"Because he insists on thinking for himself on subjects which he cannot understand."

Evidently Father Ritzoom was in an ill-humour.

"When are you going to have dinner, Brandon?" he said presently. "I had a cold passage across the Channel and a cold journey since."

"It will be only five minutes."

"Thank Heaven for that. I don't feel inclined to talk until I've had something to eat."

"You would like a wash?"

"I would. I always feel as though I want a wash when I am in this dirty country. The very air makes me feel as though I am in an enemy's land."

Five minutes afterwards the two men sat down to dinner. During the meal nothing of importance was said. Both seemed to enjoy the food which Brandon's cook had provided.

"And now," said Ritzoom, when they had again adjourned to Brandon's study, "we'll talk about this affair of yours. You know of no new developments?"

"No."

"I suppose you know you've bungled the business?"

"No, I did not know."

"But you have. This is a bigger thing than you imagined. It offers all sorts of possibilities."

"Yes, I realize that; but wherein have I bungled? I have arranged for the eldest daughter to be at one of our schools in Belgium, and she will soon be received into the Church. I have converted the mother, and received her into the Church. Before long all the children will belong to us."

"But the father?"

Brandon was silent.

"Because there, judging from my standpoint, is the hub of the whole business."

"The man nearly always is," said Brandon.

"And therefore needs the most careful handling. As you say, old Raymond is enormously rich. We are a poor people in England, Brandon, and the Church needs money."

"Exactly. I enlarged upon that in my letter."

"Yes, but you have precipitated things; your rapid movements have alienated the man. The woman's conversion has been too sudden; it should have taken years. The man should have been slowly accustomed to the idea. Of course you did right about the school, for by so doing you have obtained an entrance into the house and succeeded in having influence with the family. But to convert the woman in a few weeks was to set the man's back up. You ought to know the Englishman's character by this time. Always remember, Brandon, that the chief characteristic of an Englishman is a sense of his own importance. The next thing after that is to remember that he should be always made to believe that he is master of his own house—very few of them are; but they like to think they are. Thus it comes about that you have wounded this man's vanity in two places. The conversion has taken place without his consent, and it has meant that the wife's will is now opposed to that of the husband. *Ergo*, he is annoyed."

Father Brandon looked vexed.

"The next thing that has to be remembered is that old Raymond is a bigoted Puritan. Now if he hears that his son's wife, in addition to being the daughter of a penniless lawyer who, professedly speaking, is daily walking on eggs, is also a convert to his pet hatred, he will be more than ever angry with his son. You can surely see this, although you have lived so long in this stupid country."

"But surely I had my work as a parish priest. It was my duty to convert this woman."

"Of course it was, but your greater work was to convert the man."

"But I hope to convert the man through the woman. He has been exceedingly fond of her, and has suffered all sorts of hardships because of her."

"Yes, and now you have created dissensions in the home. The man no longer trusts his wife as he did. He has grown bitter towards you and the Church. She, like all women brought up as Protestants and then persuaded to become Catholics, has become an ardent missionary."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know everything? But that's not the point. The woman has begun to doubt their marriage."

"But—but——"

"Yes, yes, I know. But you are not a ritualistic parson of the Angelican order. They may be silly enough to suggest such a course of procedure within a few days of coming into contact with a Dissenter, but you should be wiser. A wise man should always know how to wait."

After that they talked long and earnestly—the one asking questions, the other answering them, until when Father Ritzoom retired to bed he was in a better humour.

The next day, when Walter Raymond sat in his office, the office boy brought in a card.

"Anthony Ritzoom," he said. "I wonder who he is?"

(*Continued in Next Issue.*)

Lord, Hear Our Cry.

Martha Shepard Lippincott

O, Lord of Mercy, hear our cry
  And let us not prepare for war,
We've seen results of selfishness,
  And we're desiring war no more.
O, let no mercenary men
  Be forcing it upon mankind.
Awake Thy people ere too late,
  Let them not, to great crimes, be blind.

Enough we've had of greed and war,
  And all the sorrows that they bring.
Let peace on earth, good will to men,
  Now through the world forever ring.
Bring all the joys of peace and love,
  To heal the wounds of cruel war.
O, God of mercy, hear our cry,
  Let war on earth now be no more.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

LEST we forget, let us read the following:

(Special to The Buffalo Express.)

Ridgeway, Ont., April 14.—The 50th anniversary of the battle of Ridgeway, when the Fenians were driven from Canada, will be celebrated on the battleground near this village on June 2d this year. The Fenian Raid Veterans association at a meeting in Toronto yesterday made plans to hold a great military pageant in this village on that date.

Five acres of the battleground have been bought for a park and an option is held on another five acres which will be bought if the necessary funds are forthcoming. It is hoped that the corner-stone of a monument in memory of the members of the Canadian militia regiments who fell in the fight will be laid on the day of the celebration.

Who were the Fenians?

Where did they organize their raid against Canada?

When they were driven out of Canada, in what country did they take refuge?

The Fenians were Roman Catholic conspirators against the government of Protestant England. They organized their raid on American soil, near the Canadian border. They invaded Canada, *from this side*, and were driven back to this side!

At the "Battle of Ridgeway," Canadians were killed and wounded, by these Catholic bandits from the United States. The Villa of that episode was named O'Donovan Rossa, a name once familiar to England, Ireland, and America.

Did Canada send a punitive expedition into our Republic to capture, dead or alive, these Fenian bandits, who had used our country as a base of operations, raided a neighboring nation and murdered its inhabitants? No, indeed. Did our Government admit any responsibility in the premises? No.

Did Great Britain demand that we seize and punish the Fenian bandits? No.

If you will compare this episode of fifty years ago with the recent conduct of President Wilson and the Army, in consequence of the Villa raid, you will thoroughly appreciate the magnitude of the wrong done to Mexico.

Primarily, we are responsible for the revolutionary outrages committed in our neighboring Republic, because the American Ambassador was a party to the overthrow of the Madero government. Henry Lane Wilson was an indispensable ally to Generals Diaz and Huerta.

Practically, our Ambassador made himself an accomplice to the murder of Madero, by his complicity in the plot which preceded it. Our Embassy was actually used as the Ark of Safety by the conspirators who were perfecting their plans.

Elsewhere, the crime against law, order, and legal authority could not have been debated and arranged for in security. Under no other flag would Diaz, Huerta, and their associates have been immune from attack, save that of the United States.

With the atrocious assassination of the Madero brothers and of Vice-President Suarez, chaos broke loose, and good order has never for one hour been restored.

Who's to blame for all this bloodshed, destruction of property, and border outrages? Should not the censure fall partly upon *us*, when our Ambassador acted as the venomous foe of the government to whom he was sent in friendship, and when he made us,

morally, parties to the crimes of Diaz and Huerta?

We, through our Ambassador, *help set the house afire, and then, damn it for burning!*

It was no secret that the Roman Church party in Mexico, headed by Archbishop Mora, financed the revolution against President Madero. When he fled to Vera Cruz, begging General Funston to save his life, Mora confessed that he had furnished Huerta with 10,000,000 pesos. The Jesuit asserted, jesuitically, that it was a "forced loan." Apparently he began to make other forced loans soon after he reached New Orleans and went into secret juggles with Cardinal "Slippery Jim" Gibbons. Huerta was again supplied with money; and when Huerta died, Mora and Slippery Jim, Cardinal Farley, and Archbishop Blenk, apparently arranged forced loans for Generals Diaz and Villa.

Very few people doubt that the raid upon Columbus was planned on this side the border. Very few people can understand why that incident has been involved in so much mystery, nor why such a rigid censorship of the press has been enforced ever since.

Nobody can tell what *is* happening on the frontier, or beyond it. We content ourselves with confused, contradictory, unbelievable stories—because we have to. We dimly see—as through a glass, darkly—the figures in the background shoving President Wilson on, inflaming Congress, doping out "news" to the daily papers, and exciting the lust of slaughter and of conquest in our army-officers.

Those dim figures in the background are the Guggenheims, the Rockefellers, the Palmers and McQuatty mine oners; the John Hayes Hammond interests, the Spanish landkings and slave onwers; the Spanish high-priests and their American co-conspirators. The Hearst papers are *not* in the back-ground: they are as rampant for war against Mexico, as they are clamorous for peace-at-any-price with Germany.

A Protestant girl named Laura S— appears in San Antonio, Texas. She is suspected of being too intimate with two young men who brought her there from another State. A secret service man arrives from Washington to investigate. He finds that the two young men are Roman Catholics. The case drops. The girl disappears. Suspicion is aroused, and inquiry put on foot. Protestants fear that the handsome girl has been lured or forced into the "Good Shepherd" Laundry. One Protestant lady is generous enough to devote herself to the necessary investigation. She goes to a Catholic woman who is officially connected with local police work and with the Good Shepherd slave-pen.

"Can you tell me whether a girl by the name of Laura S. has been sent to the Good Shepherd Laundry?"

The Catholic lady answers, "No. I never heard of such a name, and no girl of that name is in the House."

"Then what would you advise me to do," asked the Protestant.

"Apply to Judge Davis: he has the records, and can tell you whether he has sentenced any girl of that name."

So, the Protestant woman goes to the office of the Catholic judge, who presents himself most blandly and courteously.

The question as to Laura S. having been asked, the judge orders his clerk to inspect the record. The result enabled the affable Judge to assure his visitor that no such girl had been imprisoned by *him*.

"Then what must I do next?" inquired the searcher for the lost girl. "Consult the Police Matron," blandly answered His Honor.

The Police Matron proved to be a recent importation from Chicago, an old woman who was very fat, very Irish, and very Catholic.

When the Protestant asked her usual question, the Police Matron answered at once—

"Yes, *I* sent Laura S to the Good Shepherd Laundry."

"*You* sent her there?"

"Yes."

"What had she done?"

"She was joy-riding, and when I ordered her to quit it, she disobeyed me. So I sent her up for three years; and, if she doesn't behave herself, I'll make it three times three."

The consternation of the Protestant lady can be imagined. An American girl arrested without a warrant, accused of no crime, allowed no hearing, not indicted and not tried, yet given a three-year sentence by a Roman Catholic woman from Chicago.

When the Protestant lady expressed a slight amount of her amazement at the exercise of such despotic and lawless power by the Police Matron, that imported potentate retorted:

"Why, that's nothing. A widow, 27 years old, defied me the other day, and I showed her. I had her brought back from Houston and I gave her a term of ten years."

When the Police Matron was asked for permission to visit Laura S. she tartly refused it. But beginning to suspect that she had talked too much, the Chicago potentate declined to answer any further questions, and hurried off.

The generous woman who had interested herself in Laura S. was persistent as well as courageous: *she agitated the matter*,

She exposed the Police Matron to the organization of San Antonio women who nobly devote themselves to welfare and rescue work.

Once the facts were out, the case had to be given attention. The upshot of it was, that the Romanists produced Laura S., whose cruel treatment had reduced her from a picture of youthful beauty to one of emaciation, despondency, and debility.

The Romanists *said* they would send her to her brother in Northern Texas, *but who knows where they sent her?*

Romanist prisoners, like scandal-breeding priests, are quietly "transferred."

A case occurred in Jacksonville, Florida, last year, in which a Florida girl who had disappeared, was found in one of the Romanist slave-pens of *New York*.

In the Leo Frank case, it was developed that a Georgia girl had been sent *from Atlanta* to the Good Shepherd Laundry *in Cincinnati*, for alleged misconduct in Georgia. The prisoner was brought from Ohio to testify against Frank, and was carried back to her papal slave-pen.

By what law? By whose sentence?

I have not been able to discover. but the fact is undeniable that this Georgia girl is being held to involuntary servitude in Ohio, for an alleged misdemeanor which Georgia laws punish with a small fine, or a short term in a Georgia prison. The girl is slaving out her life for the lecherous priests, and she has been at it, *three long years*.

Isn't it almost incredible that in Texas, in Georgia, in Kentucky, in Arkansas, and in every other State of this Union, the Romanists should have been able to establish, maintain, and extend a system of imprisoning free-born Americans, for years or for life, and holding them in slavery, without due process of law, without indictments by Grand juries and trials by petit juries?

The highest law of America says it shall not be done; but the law of Rome says that our laws do not operate when in conflict with those of the Roman Church; and it is the foreign church that dominates.

Incredible, but true,

Froude the historian wrote:

> Every true Catholic is bound to think and act as his priest tells him, and a republic of true Roman Catholics becomes a theocracy administered by theh clergy. It is only as they are a small minority that they can be loyal subjects under such a constitution as the American. As their numbers grow they will assert their principles more and more. Give them power, and the Constitution will be gone. A Roman Catholi cmajority, under spiritual direction, will forbid liberty of worship, and

will control education; it will muzzle the press; it will punish with excommunication, and excommunication will be attended with civil disabilities.

The contemptuous violation of our laws of marriage has been in constant progress by the priests, ever since Joseph Taylor—known as Pope Pius X—proclaimed in this country the infamous *Ne temere* decree, which had its origin at the Council of Trent in the 16th Century.

A Romanist, writing to *The Sacred Heart Messenger* asked about this foreign law, which annuls ours, and was answered, as below:

If two Catholics contract a civil marriage before a Justice of Peace, must they be married by a priest?

Since Easter, 1908 a civil marriage of two persons, one of whom is or was a Catholic, is invalid. Such persons are not married. They cannot be married except before a priest and two witnesses.

In other words, the laws of our States do not bind the Catholic citizens thereof, although Catholic citizens, take advantage of all the privileges of those laws. *The State* cannot make a marriage of its Catholic citizens valid: only the foreign Pope can do so.

So it comes to this, that the Catholic family—husband, wife, child, and heir—falls within the exclusive jurisdiction of an Italian priest, living in Italy, although each member of that family is a citizen of the State and supposed to be loyal and obedient.

On the most important of social and civic ties, the Catholic citizen is the subject of a foreigner, loyal to the foreigner and obedient to the foreigner.

Since when?

"*Since Easter, 1908!*

This popish marriage law was adopted by the Council of Trent, more than 350 years ago . If binding on American Catholics at all, it has been so ever since priests went to massacreing Huguenots in Florida and enslaving Indians in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, and California.

If binding upon Catholics in the United States, why was it not enforced prior to 1908?

Either a civil law marriage is valid, or it is "filthy concubinage." Why did the Pope and his American prelates condone, for 100 years, the sinful lives of Catholics married by civil process?

What were the changes in *the morals* of the question, that caused the Pope to choose 1908 as the time to begin the enforcement of his law, derived from the 16th century?

What *political* changes encouraged the Pope to promulgate *his* marriage law, in 1908?

Was it the docility of our Government in accepting an Ambassador from the Roman Catholic church? Was it the amazing increase of Catholic immigration, and of the Roman Secret Societies?

Was it the subservience of our Government in allowing Catholic officers to force our soldiers to attend the Military Field Mass? Was it the servility of Congress in giving so much public money to Romanist institutions? Was it because the Italian church had so easily manipulated Taft and Roosevelt in the matter of the Philippine Islands? Was it because the Jesuits had captured West Point, the Navy, the Army, the Diplomatic service, and the lion's share of all the Federal appointments?

We don't know *why* the year 1908 was fixed upon by the Pope's Vatican manipulators who, before 1908, had not thought their church strong enough in the United States *to publicly elevate papal law above the law of the States and of the Union.*

As every law-student knows the *Ne temere* decree, if it had been brought into England a hundred years ago, would have forfeited the life of every priest who promulgated it, or who obeyed it.

Those English laws were made to protect Englishmen from papal encroachments; and to assert the civil

power of the realm as supreme above all others.

It was death to introduce, or to enforce, any Roman Catholic decree which conflicted with the laws of England.

Sir William Blackstone learnedly discusses these matters, in Chapter VIII. of Book IV, of his "Commentaries on the Laws of England."

The house is divided against itself, when two systems of law, the one foreign and the other domestic, struggle for supremacy.

When the despotic leaders of 15,000,000 obedient Americans arrogantly proclaim their disloyalty to American law, on the most important and far-reaching of all earthly subjects, the small cloud, out of which comes the tempest, blurs the sky.

Between Rome-made law and Home-made law, there is a difference, deep as the grave and as inexorable as death. From just such bitter and irreconcileable differences, *civil war is born.*

The Romanist leaders, know it, *and are prepared for it.*

There is evidence that the Russians are well prepared to take the offensive, down the whole line, from the Gulf of Riga to the borders of Roumania. If they can exert sufficient pressure to impress Roumania, that country will probably enter the war on the side of the Allies. That would mark the beginning of the end, and might bring about a separate peace between Austria and the Allies.

The Holy Roman Empire Restored.

An interesting story comes from Rome touching the possibility of Austria taking such a step. It is believed in some quarters that the main purpose of Mr. Asquith's visit to the Pope was to arrange terms of peace for Austria that would preserve the integrity of the Austrian Empire, at the expense of Germany. Large territories in the southern part of Austria must inevitably fall to Italy, Roumania and Serbia. The suggestion is that compensation for this loss of territory would be found by detaching Bavaria and some other German territory and giving it to Austria. The allies are not likely to object to any arrangement that will cripple Germany. They might view with great satisfaction a readjustment of boundaries that would satisfy their Balkan allies, and create antagonism between Germany and Austria. The idea that underlies this movement is the restoration, as far as possible, of the Holy Roman Empire. The provinces which this plan would detach from Germany are occupied almost entirely by Roman Catholics. This would make Austria the most powerful Roman Catholic state that has existed since the break up of the Holy Roman Empire. There will be strenuous objections to a territorial settlement that will erect a Papal Empire of such proportions in the centre of Europe. Still, the plan has many attractions for the diplomats who are responsible for the conditions that must prevail after the war. —The Sentinel Toronto.

John D. Devilfish, Jr., son of John D. Devilfish, Sr.—he of the Colorado massacres and of the hired thugs—preached a sermon in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, a few Sundays ago.

The gist of the homily was published, of course, by an appreciative press, and reads as follows:

Denounces Six-Day Christians.

"What place has Jesus Christ in your life? Usually He is only a frequent stranger. Sometimes a great sorrow brings Jesus closer to us. Our attitude is too often to turn to God as a last resort. Is that the kind of a place you are giving Him in your hearts today?

"There are some who admit Jesus Christ into their lives only on Sunday. When they walk out of the church door He is left behind in His Father's house. He is not invited to walk with us. Some people call that living. It is such a thin veneer, that kind of religion. I am always reminded when I think of it of the little girl who was about to go on a vacation and prayed: 'Goodby, Lord; we're going to Boston.'

"The religion of Jesus Christ must not be merely, has been said, a religion to die by, but a religion to live by. Some men say, 'I am not worthy to have Jesus Christ in my life.' Who is good enough? If it were a question of our worth Jesus Christ wouldn't be in the lives of any of us. If the Church was the place where only the good assembled there wouldn't be a pew occupied."

Underneath a picture of John D. Jr., appeared a story of how the Senior Devilfish had ruined and paupered a Swede, named Melin, because

the Swede would not sell out his grocery store to John D. Senior.

How was the Swede pauperized? Why, the process was simple. John D. Senior bought the whole town upon whose patronage Melin depended, filled the houses with his own hirelings, forbade them to trade with the Swede, and thus dried up the pond by cutting off the water.

Melin died the other day, in the alms house, a broken old victim of John D-ism.

It is hardly necessary to remind you that John D. Devilfish and his preaching son devote themselves to the Gospel of "God is Love", and do it in the same church.

"If the church was the place where only the good assembled, there wouldn't be a pew occupied."

This assertion of the Billionaire Devilfish is too sweeping, at least so long as he and his father are spared.

They can always be relied upon to keep two pews occupied, in the assembly of the "good."

"There are some who admit Christ into their lives only on Sunday." How true! The Colorado murders and burnings took place mostly on weekdays, but gasoline does not stop rising even on Sunday.

Says *The Converted Catholic*, a New York magazine:

To illustrate what a power of wealth the Church was in Mexico I will quōte "Mexico a traves de los Siglos," Vol. IV., Page 317.

"With the exception of a certain amount of land owned by the aristocracy almost all the valuable lands of Mexico were in the hands of the Church, and even those not so owned were under heavy mortgage to her, or were crushed with tithings and taxes which went into her coffers."

The same historian has this to say about the higher clergy:

"The clergy, mainly the higher officials, had accumulated and taken out of circulation an incalculable quantity of riches. In 1809 the tithings of six bishops amounted to the sum of $2,500,000—immense wealth in those days. There were bishops and archbishops whose salaries amounted to more than $100,000 a year. Indeed, a careful estimate of the revenue of the Church, just previous to the War of Independence, reveals the enormous figure of $50,000,000 a year."

A change was necessary, and it came after a three years' struggle—from 1857 to 1860.

The first important article of the Constitution of 1857 (Las Leyes de reforma) dealt precisely with that sore upon the life of the exican nation. Here it is:

Article I. The immediate suppression of all monasteries and convents, and the immediate and complete confiscation of all Church property to the use of the nation.

Article V. The establishment of civil recording authorities for births, marmuch-abused privilege of the Church in the matter of establishing the civil status of persons.

"In 1901 a priest, called Joachin Perez, fifty years old, wrote to Monsignor Averadi, apostolic delegate letters, in which he begged for the modification of the high tariff for the administration of the sacraments. The petition was signed by thousands of Catholics. Monsignor Averadi diplomatically answered that he would consult the pope. But instead of so doing the Archbishop of Puebla and the monsignor gave a private dinner to Mucio Martinez, Governor of Puebla, and convinced him that Perez was hatching a political conspiracy.

"By order of the Governor, the unfortunate priest was attacked in his parish, at Atlixco, at midnight, beaten and taken to jail. All his property and chattels were confiscated, and although suffering from rheumatism, he was kept in confinement for over fourteen months. Eventually, through the efforts of his sister, who went to beg the intervention of her uncle, Ignacio Mariscal, Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was freed."

The New York Magazine, *Truth*, is rabidly Roman Catholic; therefore its version of what that lovable man of peace, Pope Benny the XV. said about Protestants, may be accepted as authentic. The following are a few of the charitable allusions which that amiable old "Christ veiled in the flesh" made to Protestant schools and churches—works of heretics whom he denounced as "worse than thieves":

But what āre those emissaries of Satan doing who, in the midst of the holy city, build temples wherein God is refused true worship, establish pestilential chairs whence to diffuse errors among the people, spread broadcast lies and calumnies

against the Catholic religion and its ministers.

Diabolic Arts.

"These diabolic arts are nothing but attacks against the faith of the children of Rome, attacks all the more dangerous for their frequency and all the more insidious in that they are accompanied too often by the enticements of temportal advantages. Ah, those poor fathers of families who are offered free education for their children at the price of their abandonment of the Church! Poor children to whom is offered help for their parents' declining years if parents and children will give in their names to an 'evangelical' sect!

"There is no need to go further in describing the danger which threatens the Faith of the children of ome; it is enough to pass through the streets of this dear city to understand the innumerable devices by which the Catholic Faith is attacked in this its natural seat. Nor is there need to use many words in showing how much the greater is the iniquity of the attack in that it is made against the center of the Catholic religion.

POLITICAL PRIESTS EXPELLED FROM MEXICO.

Douglas, Ariz., March 22.—Six Catholic priests who reached Nogales, Ariz., today from Hermosillo, Guaymas and other cities in western Sonora were deported from Mexico because they have been spreading a gospel of strife and intervention. General Calles, millitary governor of Sonora, said today at Agua Prieta, opposite here.

The priests were followed to the front which crossed the border with them.

"These men were ordered from Mexico only after we had proved beyond doubt that they had been active in supporting the 'Cientifico' faction," General Calles said. "They have been urging the ignorant classes in their districts to acts that would lead to intervention in Mexico by the United Staes.

"I am very sorry that it was necessary for the state to take this action, but some such action was necessary to prevent disorders and possible strious difficulties.

"At the same time I wish everyone to understand that the deportation of these priests is not intended by the constitutional government of Sonora as an unfriendly act toward the Catholic church of the state. The men were sent away merely as undesirable residents.

"Should the Catholic church desire to send good priests to Mexico to take the places of these six priests the authorities of the state will welcome them. Furthermore, they will continue to be welcomed and aided in their work, so long as they confine their activities to the church. It would be an act of folly for Mexico to attempt to keep all priests from Mexico when most of her people are Catholics. The priests are needed, their work will be of much good but they must not meddle in politics."

THE BLACK VIRGIN, AND THE APPEAL TO THE NEGROES.

Mrs. C. W. Clifford, writing to *The Crisis*, a Romanist Magazine tells of the black Mary and the black Christ idols which, according to her are reverently worshipped by the Catholics in the town of Du Puy, France.

Then she appeals to the negroes of this country in the following rapturous words:

Dear Negro-American, can you believe it! Can you believe that there are people in this world worshipping a Black Virgin who holds a Black Child? That they place this figure on the main altar of one of their oldest Cathedrals, and that her marvelous history is chiseled on tablets of stone, and otherwise preserved in the archives of the diocese? And that the

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stories of her care, and protection of her people are scarcely equalled by those of any of the Virgins who figure in the church history of ancient Europe?

The only possible construction to be placed upon the foregoing language is, that Catholics in France worship negro Mary, and a negro Jesus Christ.

Otherwise, there is no sense in the affectionate address to "Dear Negro-American."

According to this enthusiastic Mrs. Clifford, the black Mary takes better care of those who idolize her, than the white Mary does.

Such an argument ought to have a stunning effect among our Dear Negro-Americans. As there are not many black people in France, Pope Benny XV. might do a politic thing by sending the Negro Virgin to this country.

We'll be hearing, next that the jackleg carpenter, Joseph, was a Jew of woolly head, black skin, and odorous physique!

Book Reviews

"Southern Civilization" is the subject of a Treatise by Helen Gray, of New Orleans: price 75 cents. The great need of our people, argues the author, is the teaching of ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL SCIENCE; and she urges the establishment of schools and special libraries, in order that the South may learn how to better its social, political and economic conditions.

She asserts that, "It is possible for the Federal Government to tax the States into illiteracy and virtual slavery."

Quite right: the Federal Government is doing that very thing, just as fast as one corporation-Congress can follow upon the heels of another.

Helen Gray thinks clearly, and presents her plans practically. She sketches the outlines of such libraries as would accamplish her grand purpose; and these libraries embrace books on commerce, business, finance, geography, history, travel, biography, law, etc.

In several chapters, she suggests a course of study, proposes interrogatories on leading subjects, and gives a large list of topics for study.

The author likewise furnishes the names of what she considers standard books on Economics, Political Science, History, Biography, and Miscellaneous topics.

This mention of the books, title and author, will be found most useful to students.

The famous Bill of Rights of Virginia, by George Mason, is republished in **Southern Civilization**, and it gives me pleasure to have it printed again for the benefit of our readers:

The Virginia Bill of Rights.

A Declaration of Rights made by the Representatives of the good people of Virginia, assembled in full and free Convention, which rights do pertain to them and their posterity, as the basis and foundation of Government. Unanimously adopted June 12th, 1776.

I. That all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity; namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety.

II. That all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; that magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at times amenable to them.

III. That government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection and security of the people, nation or community; of all the various modes and forms of government, that is best which is capable of producing the greatest degree of happiness and safety, and is most effectually secured against the danger of maladministration; and that, when a government shall be found inadequate or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable and indefeasible right to reform, alter or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal.

IV. That no man, or set of men, are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community but in consideration of public services, which not being descendible, neither ought the offices of magistrate, legislator or judge to be hereditary.

V. That the legislative, executive and judicial powers should be separate and distinct; and that the members thereof may be restrained from oppression, by feeling and participating the burthens of the people, they should, at fixed periods, be reduced to a private station, return into that body from which they were originally taken, and the vacancies be supplied by frequent, certain and regular elections, in which all, or any part of the former members to be again eligible or ineligible, as the laws shall direct.

VI. That all elections ought to be free, and that all men having sufficient evidence of permanent common interest with, the attachment to the community, have the right of suffrage, and cannot be taxed, or deprived of their property for public uses, without their own consent, or that of their representatives so elected, nor bound by any law to which they have not in like anner assented, for the public good.

VII. That all power of suspending laws, by any authority, without consent of the representatives of the people, is injurious to their rights, and ought not to be exercised.

VIII. That in all capital or criminal prosecutions, a man hath a right to demand the cause and nature of his accusation, to be confronted with the accusers and witnesses, to call for evidence in his favor, and to a speedy trial by an impartial jury of twelve men of his vicinage, without whose unanimous consent he cannot be found guilty; nor can he be compelled to give evidence against himself; that no man can be deprived of his liberty, except by the law of the land or the judgment of his peers.

IX. That excessive bail ought not to be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and usual punishments inflicted.

X. That general warrants, whereby an officer or messenger may be commanded to search suspected places without evidence of a fact committed, or to seize any person or persons not named, or whose offence is not particularly described and supported by evidence, are grievous and oppressive, and ought not to be granted.

XI. That in controversies respecting property, and in suits between man and man, the ancient trial by jury of twelve men is preferable to any other, and ought to be held sacred.

XII. That the freedom of the press is one of the great bulwarks of liberty, and can never be restrained but by despotic governments.

XIII. That a well-regulated militia, composed of a body of the people, trained to arms, is the proper, natural and safe defence of a free state; that standing armies in time of peace, should be avoided as dangerous to liberty; and that in all cases the military should be under strict subordination to, and governed by, the civil power.

XIV. That the people have a right to uniform government; and therefore, that no government separate from or independent of the government of Virginia, ought to be erected or established within the limits thereof.

XV. That no free government, or the blessing of liberty, can be preserved to any people but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality and virtue, and by frequent recurrence to fundamental principles.

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